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THE

*Country*

GUIDE

DR. J. S. SHOEMAKER  
DEPT. OF HORTICUL-  
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THREE DAY LOAN

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AUGUST, 1945

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# An Election in B.C.--Perhaps

Party leaders seem to be shaping up for one

By CHAS. L. SHAW

THIS coming fall will be alive with political activity west of the Rockies, according to the expectations of all parties. It will not be surprising if Premier John Hart decides to go to the country for another mandate for his coalition government in late October or early November.

In the interim there will probably be some lively discussion within the ranks of the two old-line parties as to whether the Liberals and Progressive Conservatives should campaign independently, as in the old pre-coalition days. Both these parties will hold provincial conventions during the next few weeks and everyone will have an opportunity of airing his views, but the general belief is that since there is still a war to be won in the Pacific and the coalition has given a satisfactory wartime performance it will be entitled to appeal to the country again on its record with reasonable hope of being returned.

From the standpoint of realistic politics this is probably a wise policy on the part of the old-line groups because it is obvious that with the C.C.F. a potent influence to campaign separately would be playing into the hands of the opposition. Even with the Liberals and the Progressive Conservatives in combination, the C.C.F. will probably be able to demonstrate in the coming election that they have certainly been in a fight, win, lose or draw.

With an election definitely in prospect, Premier Hart is busy developing a program to lay before the electorate. There are several major issues confronting British Columbia all or any one of which will provide the basis for effective campaigning while at the same time offering the opposition an opportunity for criticism.

## Issues and Platforms

The government may decide to go ahead and build the Pacific Great Eastern Railway extension beyond Quesnel and Prince George into the Peace River country. The government is already committed to building a highway there. If private railroad or other interests will build the road, well and good, but if they won't, Premier Hart seems to be in the mood for advocating extension by the government itself.

With the war over, the Premier takes the position that the people of British Columbia will be in an expansionist mood, ready and eager to proceed with railroad as well as highway construction on a large scale. A recent public poll conducted in Vancouver showed strong support for extension of the P.G.E., now owned by the government, into the Peace River valley, where it would end the long isolation of that fruitful area, tap the coal and agricultural resources and provide considerable new employment.

Another issue is public utilities. A few months ago the prospect of acquiring the B.C. Electric Railway's services either by the province or the municipalities which it serves was being actively debated, but the government has diverted attention from this specific proposal by taking over several smaller utility companies instead and announcing plans to develop the Campbell River waterpowers on Vancouver Island on its own account. Meantime, the B.C. Electric has been stirred into plans for expansion and is currently engaged in carrying out the initial steps of a \$50 million program.

In other words, Premier Hart will be able to show that while the B.C. Electric is still in private hands and may remain there, the government has not failed to bring about important developments in the hydro field.



Then there is the matter of federal-provincial relations. What appeal British Columbia may be able to make in this regard will depend on the outcome of the conference in Ottawa. Premier Hart will no doubt seek certain concessions—a more liberal distribution of taxes, for instance; but he is unlikely to pursue the stubborn tactics of his predecessor, Hon. T. D. Pattullo, who with Ontario's Mitch Hepburn wrecked the Sirois conference on this issue of provincial rights. Mr. Pattullo, incidentally, still regards himself as being a misjudged man for his part in

that incident. He has circularized members of the Liberal party warning them to be on guard against Ottawa's encroachments in the taxation field.

## Investigating the Forest Industry

Whether forestry policy becomes a plank in the platform depends on when Chief Justice Gordon Sloan finishes his report. The Sloan enquiry has been proceeding for the past year and a half, and more than three million words of evidence have been taken. The report acted upon, should set the course of timber policy in British Columbia for the next 25 years and as the forest industries are unquestionably the most important in the province the recommendations will be awaited with keen interest. Spokesmen for the forest industries have been emphasizing that if Chief Justice Sloan is able to suggest only a plan to eliminate forest fires or at least reduce their destruction he will have more than justified the enquiry.

Turning to the farming situation, the general prospects are favorable, although the apple crop will be considerably less than last year's record-breaker. Hot, dry conditions have prevailed throughout the province during July, and in some of the unirrigated sections of the interior small fruits and other shallow rooted crops have suffered from lack of moisture.

In orchards throughout the Okanagan all tree fruits have been sizing rapidly, with the sweet cherry harvest already in. There has been quite a heavy second drop in apples and prunes in some orchards.

In the lower mainland and on Vancouver Island the berry crops were good, and it is expected that the province as a whole produced about 1,200,000 pounds more of strawberries than in 1944. Total in all areas, including berries for processing, was about 5,500,000 pounds, compared with 4,350,000 pounds in 1944.

Of the current crop of seed potatoes in British Columbia an estimated 4,300 tons, worth \$289,000, will go to buyers in the United States, according to Charles Bradbury, manager of the Northern Certified Potato Seed Growers, who has been making a tour of the northwest states.

## B.C. Potatoes to California

B.C. seed potatoes have evidently made a big hit in California, and Mr. Bradbury says that every grower in the Golden State who had purchased from British Columbia last year wants to double his order this year.

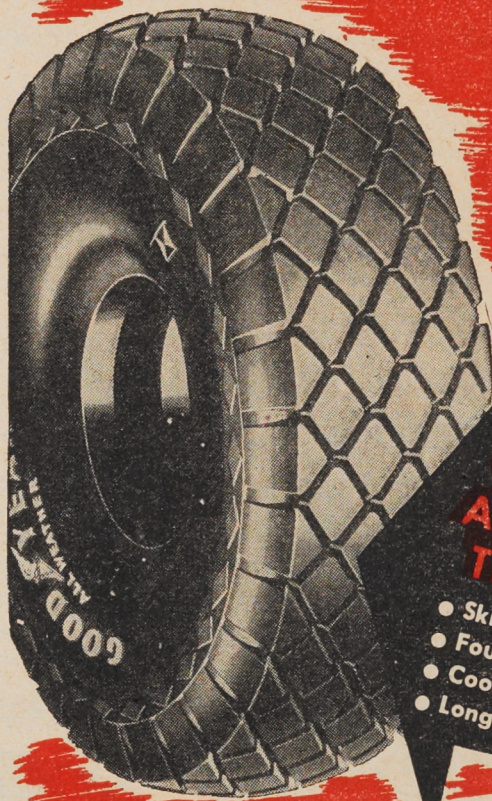
Harvesters in the Fraser Valley have been making excellent wages this season. In some cases the rates paid for berry pickers were doubled because of the higher price paid by jam makers. For haying and pea-threshing workers usually received from 50 to 60 cents an hour, plus board.

In most centres berry pickers have been getting five cents a pound and for final pickings where a greater effort is required to get poundage, as high as eight cents was paid.

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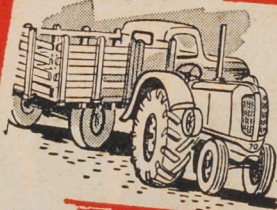


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# TIME

## Marches Past

THE Country GUIDE

### Rise of the Labor Party

**L**ABOR has triumphed. For the first time in history a socialist party commands a majority of the Mother of Parliaments. Twice before Britain has had a labor government but a minority government only. One held office for less than a year at the sufferance of the Liberal party; the other for two years at the sufferance of the Conservative party, with which it coalesced in a great national economic emergency.

The Labor party was born in Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London in February, 1900, when the Labor Representation Committee was formed, with Ramsay MacDonald as secretary at £25 a year. In the 1906 election it put up 50 candidates and elected 29. The elected group called themselves the Labor Party. A new force had appeared in British politics. From the 1910 election it emerged with 42 seats. In the Hang the Kaiser election of 1918 it elected 57 members. By election time in 1922 the postwar prosperity had disappeared and from that contest the Labor party emerged with 142 members, and became the official opposition.

Those were hectic days in British politics. For three years in a row they had elections. In the contest of December 3, 1923, Labor won 191 seats, and became the largest party in the House. The following month a Labor Administration was formed, with Ramsay MacDonald as prime minister. But the political situation was disturbed. The following October the government went to the polls. The chief issue was relations with Russia. The Conservatives under Baldwin won while the Labor representation was reduced to 151.

The next election was held in 1928. The Labor party again had the largest following in the House, with 288 members, against 260 Conservatives. MacDonald for the second time formed a government. But the world economic crisis soon developed and in August, 1931, the government resigned and a National Government was formed. MacDonald continued as prime minister with Baldwin as Lord President of the Council. Five Conservatives and two Liberals came into the cabinet. They went to the country and the coalition was returned with 460 supporters.

But Laborites and the Conservatives did not lie easily together. Ramsay MacDonald resigned the prime ministership in June, 1935, when he and Baldwin changed places. Labor renounced MacDonald and when the election was held in November, 154 opposition Laborites were returned, though eight National Labor members, including MacDonald, supported the triumphant National government. The Liberals were also divided.

Then succeeded the ten-year period in which Britishers did not vote. Labor remained out of the Chamberlain coalition, which included Liberal representation, but when Churchill assumed office a few hours after the invasion of the Netherlands, he formed a government

(May 10, 1940) which included Atlee, Bevin, Morrison, Alexander and Greenwood. This coalition worked harmoniously until last March, when Churchill addressed a Conservative party conference outlining a middle-of-the-road policy for Britain. This was taken as a breach of the political truce by Labor. Tension increased and about the middle of May Churchill invited Labor and Liberal leaders to remain in the coalition until after the war with Japan. Labor declined and asked for an election in October. Churchill made it July. From it has emerged a Labor government with, for the first time, a clear majority of the House.

### The Two Eires

**P**ERHAPS de Valera is the only one of the Eireann (which is Irish for Irish) race who can figure this one out. He says that Eire is an independent republic within the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is at least a compliment to the flexibility of this comparatively new British conception of self government. While he has been a bit obstinate with his colleagues in the said Commonwealth, at the same time "frolicking" with the Germans, he has had trouble with the illegal Irish Republican Army, which was hatching a plot to liquidate him and his confreres. He got wise to the plot and might have quoted another Irishman who once said, "I smell a rat. I see it hovering in the air. But I will nip it in the bud." He nipped the plot, and nabbed some of the plotters.

It was an Irishman who asked, "Who are we neutral against?" Certainly the Eireann government's neutrality has been aimed against the Allied Nations. De Valera objected to the landing of American troops in Northern Ireland, which didn't raise his stock among the Irish-Americans. He refused the use of naval bases, which cost many lives and ships and cargoes. The censorship was stifling. News reels were not allowed. Some at least of the pictures showing bombed London were prohibited. Parents could not insert obituary notices telling how or where their sons had fallen in battle. A prominent writer on a Dublin daily was wounded in a naval engagement and all it was allowed to say was that he had recovered from a boating accident. The Queen, while motoring to London, once gave an American soldier a lift, but the papers of Eire were not allowed to mention it. Schicklgruber always had to be designated Herr Hitler; you couldn't call him Schicklgruber or even plain Hitler there.

De Valera personally visited the German legation to express his satisfaction that Hitler escaped death from that bomb his Prussian officers planted beside him. A Russian film was withdrawn, evidently at the request of the German minister in Dublin, after it had been passed by the film censor. Germans and Japs had a vantage point in Eire from which to gather

information for their governments.

On the other hand we must never forget that the heart of Eire was sound and in the right place. Scores of thousands, some estimates exceed 100,000, men of Eire voluntarily enlisted with the British forces and maintained the proudest traditions of the indomitable Irish race. Several of them won V.C.'s and in all 314 of them were decorated for bravery on the field of battle, though not until after V-E Day were Irish newspapers allowed to list their names or report their proud achievements.

### Labor Program

**G**REAT Britain and Northern Ireland are now under a Labor government which has a strength of over 390 members in a house of 640. The Conservative party has 190 members. The Liberal party has been reduced to an insignificant group.

In this case the term Labor means Socialist. The Laborites are moderate but convinced and determined socialists. They campaigned with a five-point program:

1. The Bank of England will be nationalized. Well, Canada has a national bank, The Bank of Canada, which is a government institution, owned by the government and directed by government appointees.

2. The railways will be nationalized. There are 20,000 miles of them. Well, the Canadian National Railways have 23,500 miles of track, every foot of which is nationalized.

3. Electricity will be nationalized. What of it? Government owned hydro electric service is being furnished in almost every province in Canada. We are moving rapidly to complete public ownership and distribution of electrical energy across Canada.

4. The coal mines will be nationalized. Coal is one of Britain's greatest resources and biggest headaches. Even

the Conservative party has tinkered with the idea of nationalization. Just before the war the government passed a law to transfer the title of the coal fields to the crown and reimburse the owners for the royalties. What the industry needs is to be co-ordinated and rationalized. Labor will do it through nationalization.

5. The steel industry will be nationalized. It won't be as big a job as might appear. It has already been organized as a huge trust, which dictates prices. There are two things that could be done about it. One is to bust the trust. But the Socialists will apply the socialist remedy. They will take it over.

And so, in three of the five major projects of the immediate socialist program, the Atlee government might be able to profit by Canadian experience.

### Australia's War Effort

**A**USTRALIA has about 7,300,000 people—a million fewer than Canada had at the time of the Kaiser War. Now there are somewhere between 11½ and 12 million Canadians, ranging from the bassinet to the walking cane stages. By the end of last year Australia had enlisted 975,000 men in the services, compared with about an equal total intake of all the Canadian forces. There are still 600,000 Australian men in uniform.

Australia's land forces had been directed to the Pacific War. There they are fighting clean-up operations against by-passed Jap garrisons. They are on New Guinea, on Borneo and are doing a particularly nasty job on Bougainville. The Australian navy has been doing its valiant part in helping to blaze new sea trails to within gun range of the last of the brutalitarian states.

And then there are those airmen, of whom the Canadians have seen a lot. When the Empire Air Training Scheme was blueprinted in 1940, Australia made her commitments. They were not changed, though the war took a new and unexpected course. There was no Pacific war raging then, except for the undeclared war in China, where the Japs were bogged down. Came Pearl Harbor, which completely changed the war picture. The little yellow jackets swarmed all over the Far East. They landed on New Guinea, pushed over the Owen Stanley Mountains and threatened Port Moresby, from which to jump across to Australia itself. The prospect of having to evacuate whole sections of

their homeland stared Australians right in the face. But they didn't renege on their air commitments in the European theatre. As soon as the Allies had the situation in hand there Australian land troops were shifted nearer home but for the increased demand for the air they trained more men. And so, in 1944, Australian airmen dropped 59,300 tons of bombs on Germany. There were 14,000 of them in Europe and 10,000 in the far-flung Pacific theatre. The 14,000 are now converging on the Japs.



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# Long Way Round

MARTHA ANDERSON looked up from the letter she was writing at the desk in the sitting-room and saw a girl coming up the lane. A slight girl with short fair hair, wearing a green plaid suit and a pale yellow sweater, swiftly picking her way across the melting snow and patches of black mud like a crocus coming undismayed to herald the spring.

This is not the way she looked to Martha. It is the way she would have looked to anyone who did not know her.

Martha murmured to herself, as a woman will who is much alone: "Now did you ever! Would you believe it? That—that little hussy!"

She slid a blank sheet over her letter and sat very still. She was tempted to pretend she was not at home, but everyone in the valley knew that Martha was always at home. She had nowhere to go and no way to get there, now, if she had.

Her house stood warm, silent and substantial about her. The kitchen floor was still damp from its morning scrubbing. The sitting-room floor was dark with oil and starred softly with hooked rugs turned upside down to save the colors. These and the back bedroom were the only rooms she used. The other rooms were stiff with winter cold. It was a decent withdrawn house and Martha Anderson wished now that she might share its stout impregnability.

Her heart pounded as Elly Drew knocked quickly at the kitchen door for all the world as if she had a right.

"Martha! You home?"

After an instant Martha answered in her little-used voice, not hoarse but somehow faintly rusted. "Yes. I'm here. Who is it?"

"Come and see," laughed Elly. That little—vixen!

Martha took her time crossing the two small rooms. She rattled the latch irritably, resenting this forced gesture of hospitality. The door swung ajar and Martha stood in the opening—spare, but with a wiry strength about her. Her black eyes were hostile.

SHE wanted to ask bluntly, "What are you back here for?" But she amended it, grudgingly, to, "Well! Ain't you a stranger in the valley?"

Elly laughed, shaking back her hair. Martha remembered the gesture.

"I certainly am! I just got home a few days ago and feel as if I'd been gone a lifetime! But you look just the same, Martha. You haven't changed a bit. May I come in? Mm . . ."

Elly stood in the kitchen, turning her bright head delightedly from side to side.

"Oh, Martha! How do you do it? I've dreamed about the way your house smells; I really have. And the way your teakettle shines and the pan of dough rising behind the stove with the checkered cloth over it, all crisp and creased as a starched skirt. I'm so thankful it hasn't changed!"

She can still run on, thought Martha, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Aloud she said shortly, "When I hobb nob with dirt, it'll be in the graveyard." And then, driven to it, "Will you stop to set down?"

"Oh yes. Of course. In a minute. But don't hurry me. I want to keep on looking." Elly turned slowly, her eyes touching lovingly each familiar detail of the kitchen.

"Martha—where's the corn popper? The one Gary and I used to like to get down on a snowy day?"

"There's been nobody here to pop corn for a good while," Martha said coldly. "I put it up attic. Come in, Elly, if you're going to."

She led the way into the sitting-room and touched the back of a rocker. But

The story of two women and the fields that Gary loved and left  
By GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

Elly dropped down on the foot of the couch and threw off her coat.

"Oh, Martha," she sighed, "Washington is a mad-house. I was so glad to leave!"

Martha could not help asking, "Any gladder than you was to shake the dust of the valley off your feet three years ago?"

Elly met the sharp dark eyes without flinching, but some of the light went out of her own.

"I wasn't glad to leave the valley. I've always loved it. But if I'd never found out what the rest of the world was like, I'd be unhappy here. I tried to explain to you and Gary, but you didn't understand. That almost broke my heart. But I knew I had to go anyway."

You always did just as you pleased, thought Martha. You didn't care who you hurt.

When she spoke her tone belied the tolerance of her words. "Well, it's all water under the bridge now. No use raking it up again. Are you back for good?"

"Yes," Elly answered quietly. "I've seen the world now, Martha, and I've come home to stay."

At least she can't hurt Gary again, Martha thought. "I guess you'll find it pretty quiet," she said. "Don't hardly a thing move here any more, except folks going to the navy yard at odd hours. Maybe you'll get an office job down there?"

"I'm not going to work in the yard, Martha. I'm going to work in the valley."

"Who needs typewriting and shorthand in the valley?" Martha inquired sitting stiff and motionless in the rocker. "You went to such lengths to get your education, seems like you'd want to use it."

"I learned more than typewriting and shorthand while I was away," Elly said gently. "I learned how precious the things are that we have here and how rich they can make us if we use them; not only take care of them, but use them."

"It's fine-sounding. Where do you think to begin?" Martha inquired skeptically.

"Right at home," Elly said enthusiastically. "I'm going to help Daddy with the farm. You know he's let it all run down. It's been too much for him. And he thought nobody cared whether he let it go back to woods or not. I'm going to show him I do. I haven't been home a week but I've already talked him into buying another cow and fixing up the old tractor to plow with. Mother's got a few hens and I'm watching like a hawk for a broody one. We study seed catalogs every night."

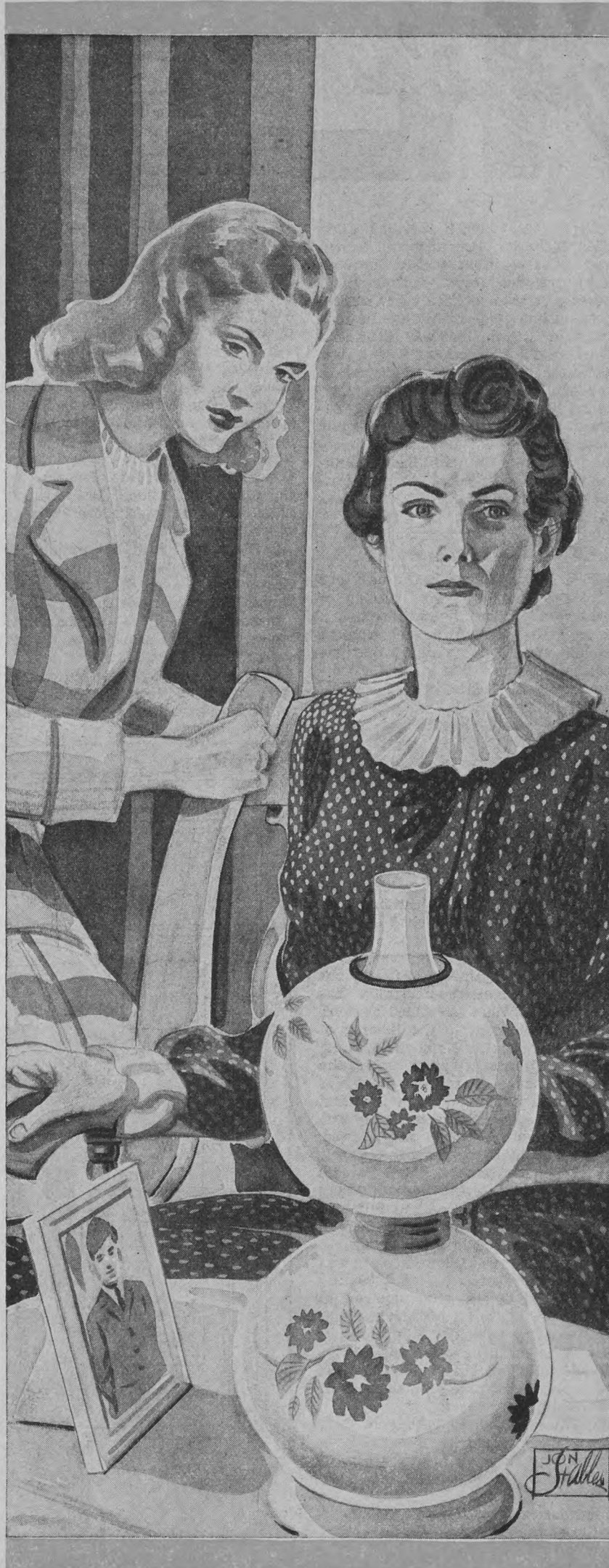
"It'll take more than talk and catalogs," Martha said. "It'll take elbow grease. And heartbreak. I know. I've been all through it."

"I know you have. You've had a terribly hard life. Still, you got through it some way. You made a real home out of what might have been just a juniper-covered pasture."

DIVINING in Martha's unyielding face her weariness and loneliness, Elly went on gently, reminding her of the things she had done so well, year after year. The clothes she had washed and ironed smooth; the soap she had made, the milk she'd strained. All the things that never would have been done if Martha hadn't done them.

They sat very still, looking at each other, the tall spare woman and the girl with the bright hair and the slim soft hands.

Then Martha's gaze fell to her own knotted knuckles. She spoke, with the merest tremble in her voice, "Well, so I've done them. And what have I got to show?"



Martha said, "I've got the place to stay in till he comes back. If he does come back."

ILLUSTRATED BY JON STABLES

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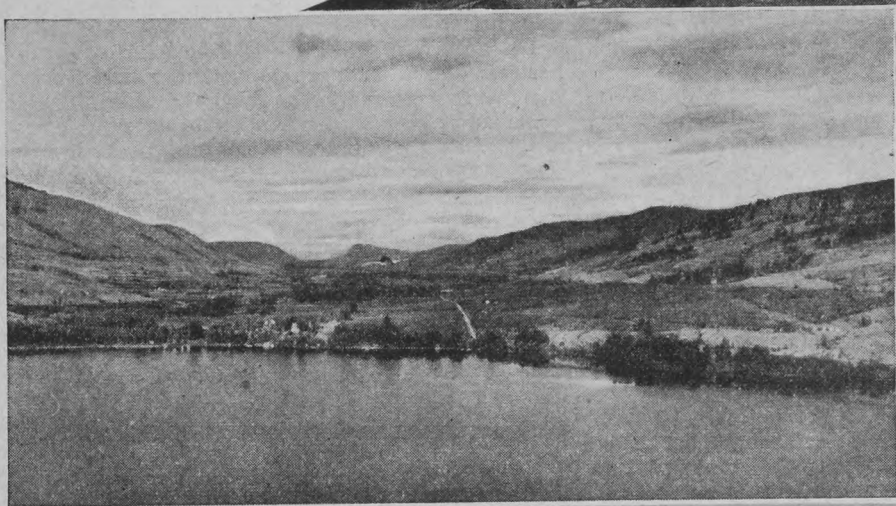


# Sunshine and the Devil

by

**D. W. NASH**

In which an editor meets a terrifying apparition,  
but escapes to spend a pleasant visit  
in the Okanagan Valley in  
British Columbia



*The orchards of the Okanagan seem to penetrate into every favorable location and sunny slope or valley.*

It does one good to get away from home and from accustomed sights and sounds. If it were in my power to confer a boon on every Canadian citizen, I would enable each one to go to some previously unvisited part of Canada. I would make but three stipulations: That the place visited be as much as possible unlike the part the visitor was accustomed to; that the fewest possible relatives be visited enroute to distract the wanderer from the beauties and features of the country; and that the visit be of sufficient duration to give the stranger some appreciation of the people, their work, habits, and the point of view engendered by the conditions under which they live.

Thus, a resident of the prairies could visit almost any other part of Canada except in the prairie provinces; persons from old Ontario would be required to broaden their outlook by going entirely outside of that rich and allegedly selfish province; Quebeckers, like the prairie folk, could go into almost any other province, provided they stayed away from French settlements. Maritimers should naturally come west of the Great Lakes, while the people of British Columbia should leave their towering mountains and lush valleys for the prairies, where the wind has space to blow across, and where, when it rains, the moisture can fall straight down.

This generous wish was prompted three years ago by a visit to the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia, which was a new and, from all points of view, a fortunate experience for me. I knew people who had lived there for years. Occasionally they emerged and seemed normal—even contented and happy. They always seemed to go back, as if impelled by some force difficult to explain. I had heard of fabulous timber resources in British Columbia; and imagined the valleys of the province lying fat with tall trees ripe for the woodsman's axe. Tales had come to me of millions of boxes of apples and other tree fruits, grown under the eaves of the mountains, where the snow water dripped and fell down rocky slopes to be gathered into canals, ditches, flumes and siphons and distributed, by the mercy of irrigation, to flourishing acres of trees. The fruit of these trees, nourished from below by the pure water of the hills, which dissolved the rich nutrients of the valley soil, was later to be painted in rich and beautiful colors by Old Sol, the master artist, so that the grower had only to stand and fill his empty boxes with the product of Nature's effort.

ALAS for unbridled imagination! When I first saw the Valley, it was at West Summerland and the time was six o'clock in the morning. It was before breakfast and there was little sign of habitation. There were hills, but there were no trees ripe for the axe, nor could I see a single fruit tree. As we drove to the house of the friend who met me, we saw portions of a lake and more hills, with still other hills on the far side of the lake. It was reasonable to expect a grown-up valley to have sides, but this valley should have had fruit orchards clinging to them. It did, but I didn't see them until after breakfast, by which time a process of gradual adjustment had set in.

As we drove from one part to another of the Dominion Experimental Station at Summerland, and later in the day went down the valley to Penticton and Oliver, the orchards appeared nestling in favored spots along the shores of the lake and occupying



*The deepening shadows of the gaunt hills are finely etched on the silent surface of the blue-green water.*



points of vantage under the hills on either side. I learned, too, that back of these hills were still others, with valleys of various sizes between, in each of which more orchards were to be found. Slowly my mind adjusted itself to the relation between the size of the main valley and its brood of adjacent valleyets, and the amount of land actually in orchard that would be required to produce several million boxes of apples. I remembered enough arithmetic to calculate that, given a fair yield, the actual acreage required would not be so very great. This realization achieved, I could begin to fit this very hilly country—this long valley with its high and numerous hills and its chain of lakes—into a rational scheme of intensive fruit production, wherein the best possible use could be made of many comparatively small, but very favored locations. I soon found, too, that another factor needed to be taken into consideration.

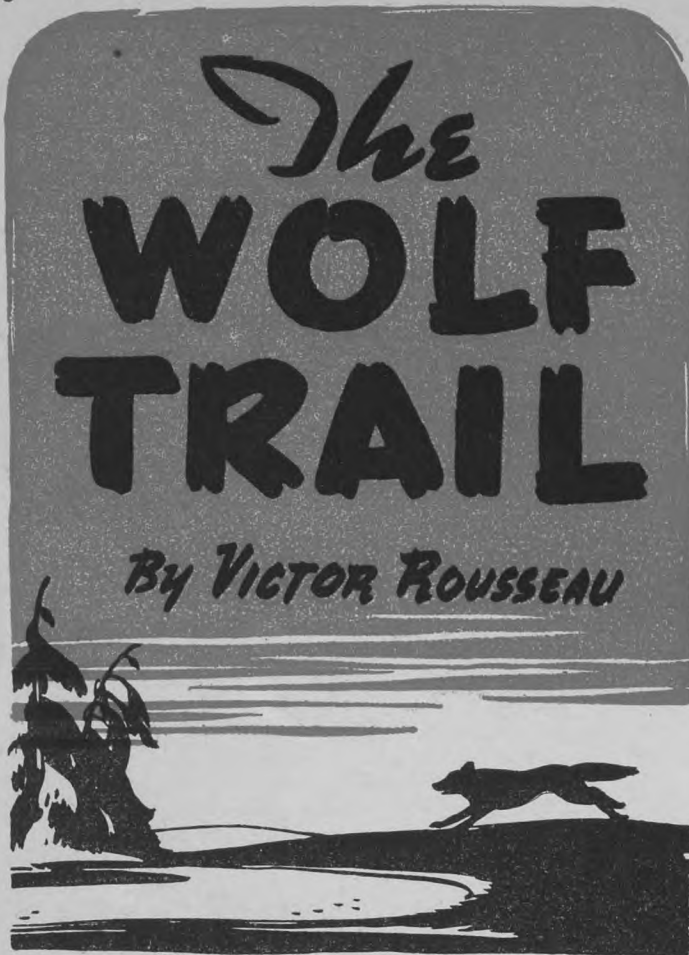
All of the lower part of the Valley required irrigation to make it suitable for fruit production. Irrigation by the gravity method means that all of the land to be irrigated must be lower than the source of the water; and this requirement alone would keep the higher slopes of the hills free of fruit production, even if they were suitable in other ways.

As I went down the Valley from Summerland, I found that the lower end was distinctly earlier—cherries, for example, were about a week further advanced at Oliver—and as I went up the Valley on the following days, I was shown, north of Vernon, the most northerly of the irrigation ditches and flumes. Beyond that there was no irrigation. Winter cold became more severe and the production of some kinds of tree fruits, therefore, more precarious. Evidences of general farm crops and livestock became more frequent, and dairying was important. Meanwhile the Valley had broadened and other fertile-appearing valleys led off toward Revelstoke and Kamloops. By the time I got to Armstrong I was in the midst of a small-fruit and vegetable growing area, with vegetable seed production increasingly important, due to the war.

Turn to page 28







**B**ECAUSE he was now well into La Rue's country, even though La Rue's gang was dispersed, and the famous outlaw himself a prisoner, Sergeant Dan Keane of the Royal Mounted was prudent enough to avoid the smoother surface of the river ice, and broke trail for his dogs over the higher, open ground. The snow was not yet deep enough for smooth going, here and there a few red leaves still clung to the boughs of the stunted maples along the course of the river, and there were still shriveled blueberries upon the bushes. But Sergeant Keane thought too much of the importance of his mission to wish to have his name added to the list of those marked "missing," that long and honorable roll of members of the Royal Mounted, whose fate is the eternal secret of the tundra and the forest.

And this region, twelve days' traveling from the Mackenzie River station, where Keane had requisitioned his dogs and sleigh, was distinctly within the territory of La Rue. The ferocity, cunning and resourcefulness of the leader of the criminal organization that had spread terror through the North was still a legend among the Indians; their hidden cache of plundered fur, estimated to value several hundred thousand dollars, was still undiscovered. And for the sake of Corporal Lafontaine, Dan Keane could afford to take no chances.

He was too expert a man-hunter for that. Divisional headquarters was worried about the non-appearance of Lafontaine with his prisoner. In early summer Lafontaine had got a message through, to the effect that he had trapped Alphonse La Rue at the head of the Little Fish, which runs into the Great Bear north of Lake Ste. Therese.

It is a desolate region of marsh and muskeg, known only to the Indians, and probably never yet crossed even by the police on their patrols. But Lafontaine—little Lafontaine, the expert—had cornered La Rue there, arrested him, sent down the news, and—failed to appear.

When September came, and there was still no word of Lafontaine and his prisoner at any of the Mackenzie River stations, Keane had been picked to go up and find out what the trouble was. Lafontaine had mentioned scurvy, and the authorities were worried. Keane did not know Lafontaine, who was from another divisional post, but his seven years of service had made him, in the opinion of his superiors, second only to Lafontaine as an expert mantracker.

And there was a tag to the job that Dan Keane loathed with all his heart. He was under orders to arrest a woman—La Rue's wife.

The nastiest job that could be given a policeman! But it had to be done, even to the bringing of her in

in handcuffs, for Jehane La Rue was wanted as badly as her husband for that matter of the murder of Corporal Anderson two years before. Anderson, too, had cornered La Rue, but Jehane had stolen in and knifed him while he slept, and La Rue had gone at large again.

Dan's one consolation was that, with La Rue and Corporal Lafontaine, the four would form a sort of family party on their way south. Certainly Jehane La Rue would be adequately chaperoned. Nevertheless, this part of his mission quite spoiled Dan's pleasure in the other part.

From the higher ground on which he was traveling, Dan could see the outlines of Barrier Mountains to the eastward, and the foothills of the Franklin Range to the west. Between these two ranges, covering a territory approximately two hundred miles by five, lies one of the most desolate districts in the world.

There the drainage from the Great Slave and the Great Bear, both immense bodies of water, held in by the mountain ranges, seeps through a ramification of lakes and streams into a vast swamp or muskeg that has never been plumbed. It is the bottom of a bowl, thousands of square miles of unfathomable muck that never freezes, save in the coldest weather; dotted with quick-mud, and shunned as a death-trap even by the beasts of the tundras.

**A**S Dan watched, he saw the crests of the Franklin disappear. The pale afternoon sun vanished behind the clouds above the horizon. Across the illimitable distance, the bowl toward which Dan had been descending throughout the day, a uniform greyness was extending like a moving wall.

"Dirty weather," Dan reflected. "But that will mean plenty of snow, and better traveling."

He looked about him to take in the locale. He had left the northern limit of forest well behind, but there was plenty of dwarf wood along the course of the river, parallel to which he had been moving, and he selected a camping spot about a quarter of a mile ahead, where a patch of willow brush would at once furnish him with wood and act as a windbreak.

The storm came up with the usual swiftness of that latitude. Before Dan had reached the camping-ground that he had selected, the dogs and he were battling against a furious gale, sweeping down unchecked from the Arctic, and the snowflakes were already being whirled along like leaves before the blasts of autumn.

It was with difficulty that Dan was able to drive the dogs into the face of that wind, and he was heartily glad of the comparative shelter afforded by the willow scrub, a little distance above the river.

He threw their rations of fish to the dogs, and set up the little tent that he had brought with him. He broke ice and drew water from the stream, the snow being still too light to provide an adequate supply, and soon had a fire started with birch-bark and fed with dead willow twigs, and his kettle boiling over it. Bacon and coffee, and sourdough left over from the morning made a meal fit for a king after the exercise of the hard day's march. By the time Dan had eaten, night was rushing over the land, to the accompaniment of a blizzard that threatened to overturn the little tent even in its shelter of the willows.

Dan lit his pipe and looked out through the open flap, preparatory to seeking the seclusion of his sleeping-bag. This was to his liking, to be the only human in the vast solitude, with his dogs snuggling nose to nose outside, and the snow pelting down. He was never tired of his own company in the wilds. If only his mission did not embrace the arrest of Jehane La Rue!

But first there was the matter of finding Corporal Lafontaine. Dan wrinkled his brows. He had been more perturbed than he acknowledged to himself about Lafontaine's non-return, for the little corporal was famous throughout the force for "getting his man" whenever the said man was to be got.

It was known that the little Frenchman had declined a snug billet at Ottawa because he could not give up the appeal of the man-chase.

Dan was conscious of acute anxiety as to what had happened to the little corporal. It was not likely that he had allowed La Rue to get the upper hand of him. Lafontaine was too experienced a man-hunter for any such thing as that. Still, his non-return, his

silence had been inexplicable. He had had the whole summer in which to cover the two hundred miles between himself and the Mackenzie.

And then there had been that reference he had made to scurvy.

Well, Dan must push on as soon as the storm let up. Within a few days now he would be traveling along the course of the Little Fish, and the mystery would be cleared up.

The storm was growing worse than ever just now. Dan closed the flap of his tent and crawled into his sleeping-bag.

He was just falling asleep when a sharp yelp from Miska, the leader of his team, awakened him. Next moment all five dogs were giving tongue furiously.

Dan sprang to his feet, shook off the bag, and went to the tent entrance. In spite of the windbreak, the ground was hidden under a considerable depth of snow, which had piled up about the tent, so that it was with difficulty Dan managed to force his way into the open.

**T**HE dogs were on their feet, howling, their noses pointing down toward the river. Dan listened, but he could hear nothing. He waited tensely, trying to strain his hearing to take in something beyond the howling of the storm and the whip of the willow branches.

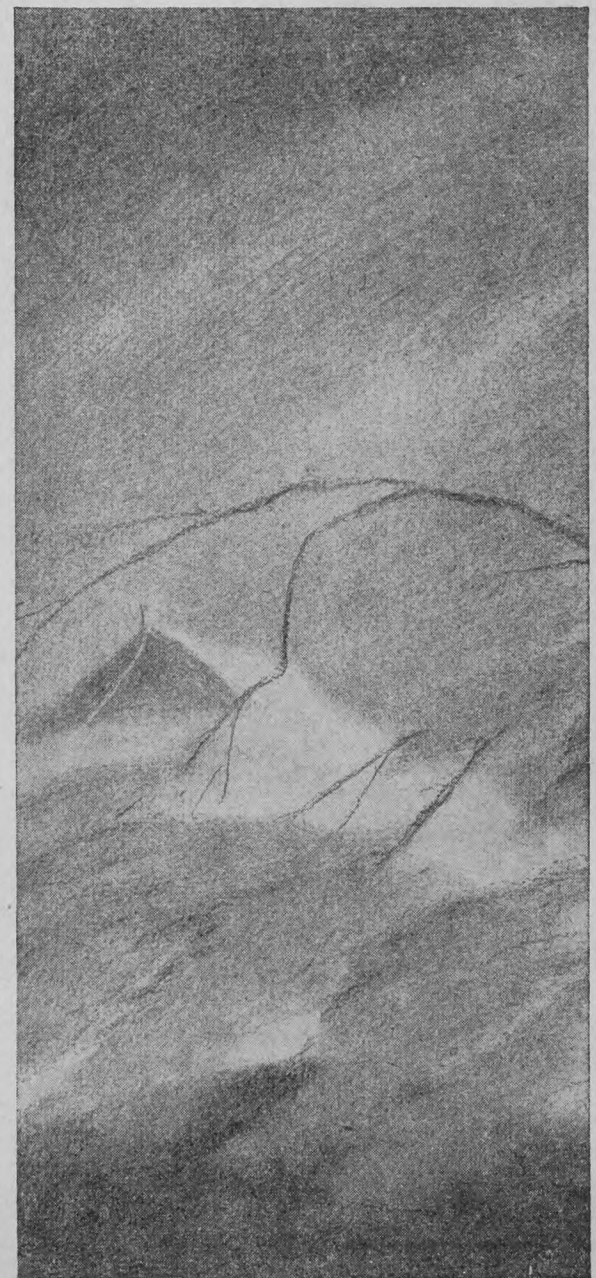
The dogs were trained beasts, and not subject to needless alarm. They would not have bayed unless there were some marauder about the camp.

Yet surely nothing was likely to be at large on such a night as that, unless some prowling wolverine. Probably it was a wolverine, Dan decided, which had followed his trail in the hope of obtaining some of the camp refuse, or of snatching a piece of meat.

Again there came an outburst of excited baying from the animals; and now, as he listened again, Dan fancied that he heard something more than the howling of the gale.

And then he heard it—unmistakably: a faint cry that seemed to come from far out in the darkness,

*Dan raised it. In a moment to his amazement, he discovered that it was the body of a woman that he was holding in his arms.*





down by the river. Then once more nothing but the wind.

The cry of some hurt beast, perhaps? No, the cry of a human being, lost in the storm. Dan knew he was not mistaken on that point.

Fastening his mackinaw about his neck, Dan pushed his way through the patch of willows and emerged into the open. Here the full fury of the blizzard struck him, making him breathless for the moment, and almost knocking him over. He drew in a chestful of air, and charged, head down, into the storm.

Instantly he had become coated with ice. The dash of the sleet against his face was like whip-tips, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that he could direct his course at all, while in a moment the patch of willows had vanished into the dark behind him, as if it no longer existed.

Fortunately the course lay straight down the slope, and was short enough for Dan to be able to feel his way directly toward it by the lie of the ground; otherwise it would have been sheer madness to have ventured even a hundred yards from his camp in such a storm.

But that madness lay exactly along the line of his duty, and Dan braced his muscles to meet the wind, and fought it as if it had been a human adversary, until he found himself under the shelter of the slope. Here the force of the gale was less violent. Dan struggled along until the branches of the dwarf willows and alders along the river bank whipped his face and body; and now he stopped and listened for the cry again, uncertain as to the direction from which it had come.

He could not hear it. He shouted at the top of his voice, but his own cries seemed to be cut off instantly by the violence of the wind. He drew his service revolver, and fired it, but he could hardly hear the sound of the shots. The wind was blowing directly off the river, and it seemed impossible that the sound could have carried to any one lost along its banks. Still that had been undeniably a human cry. And Dan began to beat a course up and down the stream over

the ice, zigzagging from shore to shore, and selecting the more sheltered nooks, in which it seemed possible that a lost person might have taken refuge.

Yet in spite of his confidence in his own ears, it seemed impossible to Dan that there could be a human being anywhere nearer than Corporal Lafontaine and his prisoner at the head of the Little Fish. There was no mission, no trading post anywhere nearer than the Mackenzie, and that was a hundred and fifty miles to the west of him.

Then the idea occurred to Dan that this might be Lafontaine with his prisoner, trying to make his belated way back to civilization.

And with this possibility in mind, Dan pursued his search as methodically as was possible under the circumstances, now along one bank of the stream,

and now along the other, but always counting his paces back and forth from the point where he had descended the bank, and shouting at intervals, until he felt himself growing numb from the whipping sleet.

He stopped. Again he began to wonder whether he had been the victim of his imagination; whether it was the cry of some animal that he had heard.

Once more he shouted. And then, quite clearly, Dan heard the cry again. It came from a point upon the nearer bank of the river, and about a hundred paces downstream.

Instantly he began running toward the spot, and shouting at the top of his voice, while he emptied the last cartridges in his revolver.

Frantically he beat about, shouting, and yet finding nothing. Nothing could now have been audible above the wind, which had reached the top notch of its infernal crescendo. Yet—there was a little clump of alders that had escaped Dan's notice. If the lost human being who had cried were not within them—

He plunged into it like a bull, whipping the stunted growth with his numbed arms. Still nothing! But wasn't that a crackling among the branches, just a little further on?

And of a sudden something seemed to detach itself from the night—a fragment of darkness, cut off from the darkness, resolving itself into a moving pillar of

ice that bore an odd resemblance to a human form.

It staggered toward him, and, with a low cry that was barely audible, dropped at his feet.

Dan raised it. In a moment, to his amazement, he discovered that it was the body of a woman that he was holding in his arms.

**A**N Indian squaw, was the thought that flashed immediately through his mind—an Indian woman lost, as even she might pardonably be lost in a storm as that. But, though the darkness was almost impenetrable, Dan quickly realized that this woman was no squaw.

No Indian woman wore a mackinaw beneath furs that had been put together—as Dan could realize at once—by a furrier. Nor did Indian women wear fur caps like the one pressed down over the girl's hair, which was short—something still unknown among Indian women except in the larger settlements.

Whoever this girl was, she was white; and, apart from all the other evidences, Dan was able to sense that fact by some process of intuition.

And, finally, it was English that the girl was speaking, English with just that trace of an accent that told Dan her native tongue was French.

But when, to his amazement, Dan heard his own name on the girl's lips, he frankly abandoned the problem of her presence there as being, for the time, at any rate, insoluble.

She spoke Dan's name before consciousness had come back to her, murmuring incoherent phrases that Dan could not understand. Then, seeming to realize where she was, tried to free herself.

"Sergeant Keane—I came to tell you—to warn you that—"

The words were barely audible to Dan as he placed his ear against her lips—so close that they brushed his cheek, and he seemed to be reading by their movements.

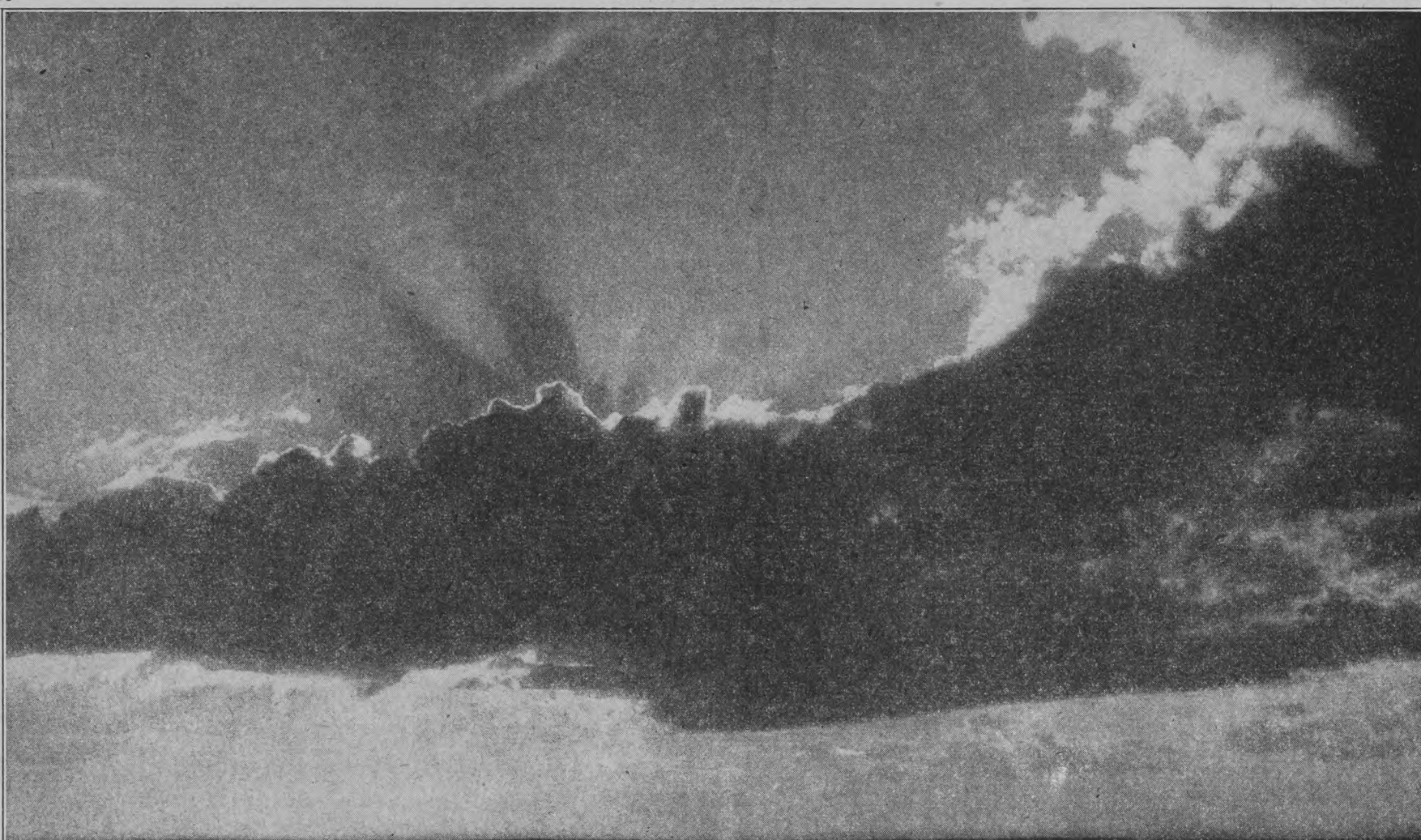
"You must turn back, or you will lose your life,"

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Illustrated by  
ROBERT RECK







# Friends, Neighbors, Countrymen

By H. S. FRY

**W**ITH all of this talk about reconstruction and a new deal for democracy after the war, it would seem to be a good time now to begin some definite kind of planning for it, of the kind that the individual and his neighbors can do for themselves. Most of the talk and the books, and the speeches and articles so far launched upon the troubled world have had to do with things governments should do to provide employment, curb rampant capitalism, lower tariffs, facilitate international trade and generally make the world safe for the underdog and the honest man. Good enough! Fine, in fact! All of these things need to be done; and it is the tragedy of our age that they were not done sooner and that the immeasurable sacrifices of the two greatest, most destructive and most costly wars in the history of the world, were required to bring us to a realization of their necessity.

But strong, durable structures, whether built to preserve peace, or human beings, or livestock, are seldom, if ever, built from the roof down. Foundations are basic parts; and governments, while operating for and of the people, are not foundations. It is people, individuals and communities, that are the foundations of government. What the people are, the government will be. We have to dig deeper than governments to find solutions to our problems, notwithstanding that some of our problems, and some parts of others, are soluble only with the help of governments. The reason we have governments at all is because there are certain problems that cannot be solved by individuals and communities. Political democracy is, in effect, the application of the principles of co-operation in the political field.

**T**HE thinking of many people today is confused by the fact that modern progress and science have made the world smaller. When we can fly from Canada to Britain in a few hours, or hear the voice of Churchill in the comfort of our Canadian homes, as he speaks in the Mother of Parliaments; and when we realize, as we do in modern war, that the world is a small place and that nations are very dependent on each other, we are likely to think that the business of living is one primarily for governments to manage. This is especially true when, at the same time, we are faced with the reality of the modern corporation and our inability to eat even a simple breakfast without paying tribute to it; when we begin to appreciate the

strength and influence of great financial institutions; and feel the power of huge labor unions that, even in times of supreme necessity, are able—sometimes, perhaps, with good reason—to stop the manufacture of essential war supplies by refusing to work. Under these conditions the individual seems helpless and it is easy to turn to governments.

We have only to remember, however, that the people—individuals, families, communities—are the foundation of government, to realize that with every approach to a new order, a reconstructed world and a wider freedom, the individual becomes more and more important in the scheme of things. The present order, the world as it is, the freedom of enterprise

**What will happen to agriculture in western Canada after the war? Co-operation within each community offers an efficient method of self-help. Governments should only be asked to do these things which the people cannot do as well for themselves**

that has existed in the past, are satisfactory for those who have benefited from them out of proportion to their numbers; but the widespread demand for, and hope of, a change following World War II, comes overwhelmingly from the much larger number whose rewards in society have been so disproportionate to their labors. This group, to which most of us belong, must become more and more important individually, as well as collectively, if a satisfactory reconstruction of society is to be achieved. That it can be achieved is inherent in democracy itself, by which one man's vote is as good as another's and one man's freedom as necessary as another's.

Roosevelt's four freedoms combined, mean the possibility of complete freedom for the individual. They mean real freedom of choice for the individual in all his actions and thoughts; but they also mean the responsibility of the individual for such choice as he makes. Without freedom of choice, responsibility

would lead to slavery; but without responsibility, freedom of choice would be license and lead to anarchy.

**W**HAT does this sound principle of democracy mean to agriculture; and to western agriculture in particular? It means everything, or nearly so. Most farmers, and a great many other thoughtful people, will agree that in respect to return on the annual investment of labor and capital, the farmer is underprivileged as compared with industry, commerce, finance, the professions and a great deal of organized labor. The reasons are important, although it is not possible to examine them fully here. Mention of some of them, however, is essential to this article.

A large part of western agriculture is carried on in the region known as the Northern Plains. This region is characterized by low annual precipitation—for the most part under 20 inches. This fact makes for larger farms, since the yield per acre is low and more acres are, therefore, needed to sustain a farm family. This, in turn, means fewer people per square mile; neighbors and communities that are farther apart from each other; and a greater degree of isolation for the farmer. Cities are fewer and smaller; the amenities of urban life are harder to get at for the farmer; markets are farther away; roads, education, electrification and communication of all sorts are either more costly or inferior. Manufacturing is little developed, making it necessary to pay higher prices for things the people must buy, quite aside from such matters as tariffs and higher selling costs. The farmer's business is subject to more promiscuous competition than any other. Add to these difficulties the rigors and uncertainties of climate, including drought, frost, wet weather, rust, grasshoppers, sawfly and soil drifting, and the outlook for the inefficient farmer is hopeless.

**T**HE principal assets of each farmer in the world are his land and his skill. This is as true of western agriculture as of any other. The chief special advantage of western agriculture is its high potential production per man, making for the possibility

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# THE Country GUIDE

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## Controls and Controllers

Wartime controls are a necessary safeguard. The war caught us unprepared and the naked peril of it demanded that personal and corporate interests should be submerged and the human and material resources of the country mobilized for the purposes of war. By the National Resources Mobilization Act the government took extraordinary powers over the activities of the people. It exercises these powers through boards and bureaus. As was to be expected, many of the controls, though necessary, have been irksome and much bungling has been done. The Country Guide should know. It has had its share of the inconvenience, and of arguments with the controllers. Like other reputable concerns, however, all it wanted was a square deal compared with the other fellow.

\* \* \*

But this journal does not join with the squawkers whose stock-in-trade is denouncing the bureaucrats. Its attitude has been to help them in their difficult but necessary tasks. It believes that the controls will disappear like out-of-season snowflakes when there is no longer any need for them. In the last war period the cry was against order-in-council government. Lots of people argued themselves into believing that parliamentary government had gone into the discard. All that our fathers fought and died for had been forever lost, they said. But what happened? Once there was no further need for it, the government of the day dropped order-in-council government as a tired man drops a bundle at the end of his journey. It was just as anxious to see parliamentary government restored as were the voters and the M.P.'s. And that is what will happen to the boards and bureaus, the controllers and bureaucrats, once the pressures of this war are removed.

\* \* \*

But it will be no *status quo ante bellum* that the country will return to. For one thing the annual federal budget, which was around \$525 millions before the war, will probably be somewhere between \$1,500 million and \$2,000 million. Servicing the huge national debt, even at the lower interest rate, will take a lot of money but most of the increase will go to finance the enormous program of social and rehabilitation legislation, enacted or in prospect. Nor will there be any return to prewar conditions in international affairs. If there is, how those who are alive should envy the generations who died during the Victorian era! There is the Allied Nations Organization for enduring peace, blueprinted at San Francisco. There is the Food and Agricultural Organization, devoted to raising the dietary standards of the world. There is Bretton Woods to help finance world reconstruction and rehabilitation and to promote and assist international trade. Nor should it be forgotten that something is being done to restrict and discipline international cartels.

\* \* \*

But there is a danger. It is the danger that, in all these activities national and international, bearing directly on the economic activities of the people, a yawning gap will be left. Free Enterprisers may be left entirely too free at the very point where control and rigid control is of all

places the most necessary. In the field of high finance what is being done to check and regulate the very interests which control and direct the industrial and commercial life of the nations? It is true that the cartel system, which centred in Germany, will receive attention, though Washington is more concerned about it than either Ottawa or Westminster. Bretton Woods may have a regulatory influence on international finance, which engineered the hectic industrial activity of the twenties. That artificial boom led directly and inevitably into the Great Depression from which the world was rescued by a still greater calamity, World War II. But Bretton Woods and cartel busting cover only phases of international finance and do not fully cover them at that.

\* \* \*

What is being done in Canada to so direct investment capital that it will serve the national economy, which is the primary function of investment capital? As an extreme case look at the millions of dollars which are being poured down the sewer which empties into the pockets of the criminals and racketeers in the gold mining stock swindle. American financial interests expect a postwar stock market boom, which would spread to Canada. Is anything being done to prevent the wholesale fleecing of the Canadian public in such an event? They talk about the decentralization of industry. Is anything being done to check the concentration of financial control in fewer and fewer hands? The holding company has been one of the most sinister devices of financial manipulation. Is anything being done about it? They talk about democracy in industry. Is anything being done to check the passing of the financial control of local industries into the hands of monopolists in Toronto or Montreal where in turn they are annexed to American financial empires? Talk about Free Enterprise! The problem is not to free it from controllers and bureaucrats. It is to free it from the control of financial imperialists, whose impelling motive is sheer lust for power. If the Free Enterprisers could see any further than the end of their free and independent noses they wouldn't have to be told that unless capital is made the servant instead of the master of industry, the whole system of capitalism will eventually go down the drain.

## Freight Rate Increase

The people of this country are of the opinion that the railways are doing pretty well. They pricked up their ears when they heard that the railway companies are setting the stage for an application for an increase in freight rates when the present wartime ceiling is removed.

President Coleman of the C.P.R. estimated in his last presidential address that labor and material costs in the war period increased the operating expenses of the company \$43 million in 1944. He expects these new levels of costs to persist after the war while a falling off in freight tonnage is likely. Even if freight handlings exceed the prewar figures, he believes that an upward revision of the rates will be necessary to meet the increased costs. If the increase is asked for, no doubt the Canadian National Railways will join the C.P.R. in the application.

How postwar freight handlings will compare with war and prewar figures, no one knows, not even a railway president. It would be better to wait and see. If the last postwar reconstruction period is any criterion, the railways will have little to worry about. There is every indication that in this coming postwar period, the railways will have all the freight they can handle. For one thing it should be remembered that the depreciation in equipment and housing has been going on, not for five years of war, but for 15 years of war and depression. The movement of freight into the prairie provinces should reach levels not approached in any previous period. The needs of the farmers in implements, tractors, automobiles and other machinery to bring their equipment up to par is almost incalculable. A tremendous home construction program is

waiting on lumber from the coast; furnaces and fittings from eastern factories; bricks, cement, plaster and the like from western plants. The great rural electrification programs and other public works now blueprinted, will take years to complete. Not a pound of the materials entering into all these projects but will have to pay a freight rate before it can be used.

In the long-time view surely the world, including this part of it, has something better to look forward to than it has known in the past. The basic idea which has permeated all the great world conferences is that peace must be stabilized and the economy of the world greatly expanded. Plans have been laid and machinery set up to facilitate and increase international trade. If anything comes of this tremendous endeavor, Canada, as the third greatest exporting nation, is in a strategic position to share in the benefits. And Canadian railways are in a strategic position to absorb their share of Canada's share.

One thing is certain, if an increase in freight rates were granted, the farmers of the three prairie provinces would be hit first and hardest. They will not tamely submit to any imposition which could have no result but to hamper them both in meeting competition on the world's market and in bringing their equipment up to par and improving their living conditions.

## Swindler's Paradise

Things have come to a pretty pass in Canada when a magazine of the standing of Collier's can call it a Swindler's Paradise in a heavy black face headline. Collier's isn't the first publication to ventilate the utter rottenness of the mining stock racket which centres in Toronto. The clamor has been so great from newspapers, trade journals and business associations on both sides of the line that it sent one of its writers to investigate.

His is a story of financial racketeers, many of them with criminal records, who are practising openly and unhampered the most colossal swindle in the history of the Dominion. The gigantic skin game has its tentacles reaching into every province in Canada and across the border into the United States.

Canadians have a right to expect that constituted authorities would be concerned over this matter. But they seem strangely unconcerned. Collier's man called on the administrative head of the Ontario Securities Commission. He showed that functionary a list containing the names of a newly licensed broker and five newly licensed stock salesmen, all of whom had been in trouble with the law and some of whom, including the broker, had served time for fraud behind prison bars. All he could get from the supposedly responsible official was the admission that it was bad administration.

He then went to Premier Drew's Attorney General, Leslie Blackwell, who is acting head of the Securities Commission. Blackwell talked a lot of twaddle about stock brokers policing themselves (sic.). When asked what he thought of Toronto stock promoters violating American laws, referring to sales methods used in transactions across the border, his reply was: "My job isn't to play God." He defended the system. If he had been in on the game he could not have been more cynical. No wonder Toronto and Canada can be called a Swindler's Paradise when a Canadian attorney general talks like that.

For many years Ontario has had a securities law and a Securities Commission to administer it. The law was revised at the recent session, but it has been criticized in some respects as being less satisfactory than the old one, which means that it is more satisfactory to the crooks. What is needed however, is enforcement. But apparently the Drew government refuses to become excited about a skin game that is draining millions into Ontario from other provinces and from across the line, no matter by what means. Some people expected a purified world to emerge from the holocaust of the War. The purification seems to be far from complete in circles close to the Ontario government.



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# NEWS of AGRICULTURE

## Agricultural Institute of Canada

At approximately five p.m. on Thursday, June 28, in a lecture room of the Physics Building, on the spacious grounds of the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, there was born—or, more accurately, reborn—an organization to be known hereafter as the Agricultural Institute of Canada.

The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists; and the annual convention of the Society, whose official delegates, 69 of them, gathered together from coast to coast, ratified a decision reached a year ago, to change the name of the organization. The convention numbered about 150 persons, but the delegates, representing 1,442 members from Charlottetown, P.E.I., to Vancouver Island, B.C., and about twenty local branches of which one is in Great Britain, were there to vigorously project the re-named society into the postwar agricultural world.

These people were all technical, or scientific, or professional agriculturists, professors and deans of agriculture at agricultural colleges and schools, deputy ministers of agriculture, superintendents of experimental farms, directors of extension, agricultural representatives, agricultural economists, men engaged in agricultural research work of all kinds and even presidents of provincial universities and farm paper editors. They were all graduates of agricultural colleges, nearly all engaged in the public service, most of them persons of responsibility in, and long service to, Canadian agriculture, and all of them fired with some sort of ambition to help make farming an efficient, profitable and satisfying industry, both to those engaged in it and to the country at large.

A convention should be distinguished for something, or it would be better not

held. This one would be distinguished from any other agricultural gathering in Canada, by the fact that it represented a more comprehensive approach to Canadian farm problems, a wider and at the same time a more detailed knowledge of all phases of Canadian farming, past, present and future, a surer apprehension of the problems that are likely to develop in the postwar world and a finer sense of the significance of education, research and sound farm practice to the future security of farming in this Dominion, than any other group that regularly meets in Canada. Best of all, these men know that they do not know all.

Several affiliated societies or groups met in separate sessions during the C.S.T.A. (A.I.C.) Convention. Men interested especially in soils, animal production, economics, agronomy (crops), horticulture and extension, met separately to talk over their common problems and to report to each other what they had been doing and to suggest still other problems remaining to be tackled. They discussed ways of co-operating with each other so as to get work done more economically, exchanged information, presented thoughtful papers on subjects of importance—and welcomed the much-needed rain which fell liberally during convention week.

During the convention the society did honor to its four founders, and its many past presidents, of whom the first (Dr. L. S. Klinck, President Emeritus of the University of B.C.) and many others were present; welcomed and heard with pleasure Dr. Eric England, Bureau of Foreign Agricultural Relations, U.S.-D.A., Washington; and elected L. B. Thomson, superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, president for the coming year.

#### Removing Wartime Controls

THE problem of removing wartime controls is one which affects Canadian industry of every kind, including agriculture. There are many people who wish to see these controls removed at the earliest possible moment, and others who feel that they should not be removed until it is possible to size up the future course of events more clearly. One view of the removal of wartime controls has been expressed by the Research Committee of the Committee for Economic Development in the United States. This committee suggests that to remove wartime controls either too quickly or too slowly, would prove disastrous, and that unless some formula can be found which will ensure close co-operation between business, labor, agriculture, the consuming public and government agencies, it will be impossible to effect a satisfactory transition to a peacetime economy of high employment and expanded production.

The Committee believes that there should be a sharp distinction between wartime and peacetime controls. It suggests that the former should be administrative, and since all controls are interdependent, they must be effectively co-ordinated. Peacetime controls on the other hand, should be legislative; and it is suggested that there should be a stipulated time, say six months after the close of hostilities, when wartime controls as such, should cease and legislative authority take over.

#### Ten Meals For 38 Cents

DELEGATES to the International Security Conference at San Francisco, were guinea pigs for Dr. Henry Borsook, California Institute of Technology, who a year ago began research to improve the nutritional quality of a five-cent meal being served by a San Francisco restaurateur. A year's work resulted in a multipurpose meal which is hoped may be useful in feeding the hungry people of liberated Europe.

Negotiations are under way with some foreign relief organizations to supply the food in bulk, to cost not more than 38 cents per pound (equal to 10 meals delivered in Europe). Tuberculous French children will soon receive some of this food to be supplied by an organization known as American Relief for France, Inc.

The meal contains pre-cooked, dehydrated, flaked lima beans, tunnel-dehydrated soy grits, potatoes, cabbage, parsley, tomatoes, onions, and leaks blended with 17 flavoring ingredients including paprika, garlic powder, onion powder, sweet basil and bay leaf. Synthetic vitamins A, B1, B2, and niacin, together with calcium and iron, have been added to the mixture.

#### Can European Farms Recover Quickly?

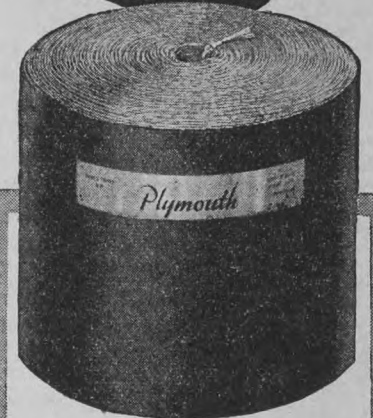
SCRAPS of information regarding agricultural conditions in Holland and Germany come through from time to time, but no clear overall picture is yet available. Much more is known about the conditions of hunger and starvation prevalent in many parts of Germany, France and the low countries than is known about the ability of the farmers of Europe to assist in remedying these unfortunate conditions.

A recent writer who covered part of the southeast corner of liberated Holland and a small part of Germany, reported that the damage to this year's crop was very small and that the rural people looked very well fed. The land seemed to be well farmed, most of it comparatively flat with fairly light soil, cut by many canals and dykes, and nearly all under cultivation. A great deal of the land, perhaps two-thirds, was seeded to wheat and most of the crops looked to be doing well except that they showed some lack of nitrogen fertilizer.

All the work was evidently being done by hand labor and horses. There were no tractors. The part of Belgium visited showed very few cattle and the same was true of sheep and pigs. Holland gave evidence of more cattle, but not a single

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pig was seen. There seemed to be plenty of cattle in the small part of Germany visited, nearly all of which were Friesian. Conditions were disorganized and cows wandered about without homes or masters and without anyone to milk them. Pigs were plentiful. There seemed to be quite a number of fine horses and a large acreage of potatoes was being planted. Nine out of ten workers in Germany seem to be women, whereas, in Holland and Belgium there was a similar proportion of men.

#### Scientific Knowledge Advances

**S**IR JOHN BOYD ORR, perhaps the leading supporter in Britain of the idea of food for all throughout the world, is Professor of Agriculture at Aberdeen University. Sir John recently had this to say about the advance of science since the turn of the century:

"Scientific knowledge has advanced more in the last forty years than in the 2,000 years before them. This advance has produced an industrial capacity so great that it has been throttled down to prevent the so-called glut of goods. The amount of this capacity and a measure of its strangulation is shown by the instance that the United States, with 12,000,000 men in its fighting services, has been able to double its capacity during the war. There are forces here that must be harnessed to a purpose."

#### Insects Develop World Trade

**T**HE farmer in western Canada who goes to the store for some gopher poison or for a compound containing four per cent of Rotenone to combat some insect pests, knows that most of his neighbors are going to do the same thing if they're wise. What he probably does not realize is that millions of farmers in many different countries on all continents, are also doing the same thing and that these insect pests of various kinds, which are combatted by the purchase of these insecticides, have conspired to build up an international trade amounting to many millions of dollars each year.

For the two years 1937 and 1938, prior to the war, total world imports of all insecticides, amounted to about \$20,000,000, of which Europe alone accounted for a little more than one-third. If, to these figures, one could add the total trade within each country, in products manufactured or produced within that country, the amount would be much greater.

There are two main types of insecticides, household and agricultural. In the household group there are ant poisons, fly sprays, mosquito repellents, moth repellents and poisons for roaches and rodents. In the agricultural category there are the various arsenical poisons, calcium arsenate, lead arsenate, kerosene, white arsenic and the products deriving from copper, sulphur, fluorine, rotenone, pyrethrum and such insecticides as petroleum-oil sprays and nicotine sulphate. The war has developed still other pesticides including the now famous DDT for insects and the new weed killer being tried out for the first time this year by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture, called 2-4 D.

The United States is the largest single-country factor in world insecticide trade. Before the war, imports averaged about 3.5 million and it is suggested that exports after the war may reach a figure of \$11,000,000. This, on a basis of an export amounting to ten per cent of domestic output, would mean a \$110,000,000,000 industry in the United States alone. Canada, next to the United States, is the leading insecticide importer in North America. Our principal imports are copper sulphate, nicotine sulphate and household products.

#### Fewer Colts Raised

**T**HE breeding of good horses is at a very low level in both Canada and the United States. The number of foals being raised in Canada from well bred parent stock, is becoming alarming to horsemen, particularly in western Canada. In the United States the number of horse colts raised in 1944 was 12 per cent smaller than in the previous year, less than half the number raised in 1937 and, "probably the smallest in 70 years." The price of U.S. horses has declined during the past two years, and on January 1 this year, was the sixth lowest in 40 years.

# CONGESTION IN CATTLE MARKETING during October and November SHOULD BE AVOIDED

**D**URING the last three months of 1944, Canadian packing establishments were unable to clear promptly record live stock marketings.

While this fall's hog marketings may be below those of last year, cattle marketings will be unusually heavy.

To avoid a repetition of last year's market congestion during October and November—

- 1 Marketing of dry cows should be speeded up during August.
- 2 Marketing of plain cattle, particularly those of dairy breeding, and of bulls, should be well under way before the end of August.
- 3 Throughout September, steers and heifers in good condition should be marketed promptly.

Experimental evidence assembled at the Dominion Range Experiment Station, Manyberries, Alta., over a period of eight years, showed the following average gains in weight of cattle on short-grass prairie range.

Class of Cattle	Gain in Weight in Pounds			
	April 1- June 15	June 16- Sept. 1	Sept. 2- Nov. 15	Total
Yearling steers.....	131	138	46	315
Two year old steers..	145	159	52	356

The data indicate that gains on the same range made after September 1st are relatively light as compared with those made during May, June and July.

**Market early and avoid congestion!**

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Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa  
Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister



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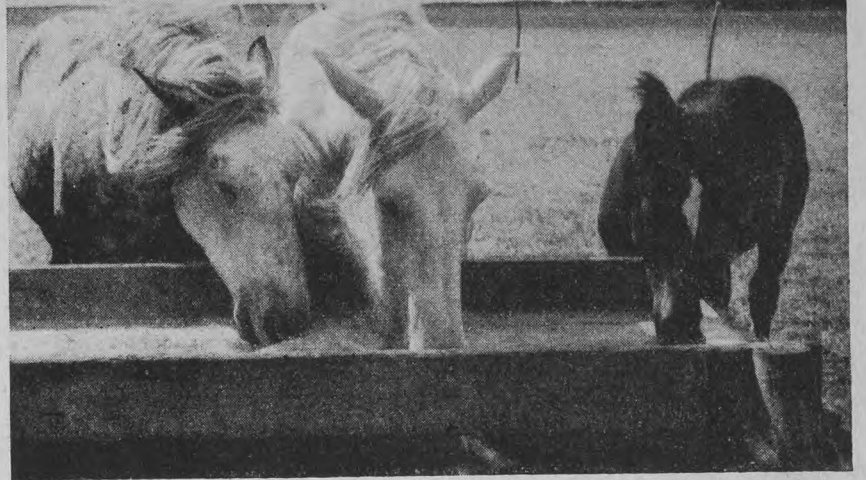


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## LIVESTOCK



The foals soon learn to eat at the same table with their dams.—Guide photo.

### Harvesting Corn With Cattle

SOME years ago, the Dominion Range Experiment Station at Manyberries, Alberta, demonstrated the value of the corn crop as a means of feeding calves late in the fall, for a period of two months, with a minimum of labor. The idea might also be found useful in other areas where corn can be grown with reasonable success and a fair crop has been secured. One of the advantages of the corn crop is that it can be grown for silage, or for grain, or it can be self-fed in the fields as in the instance referred to.

At Manyberries 40 head of calves were turned on a 10-acre field of corn after they were weaned the middle of October and when they weighed 355 pounds. They received no other feed and remained on the corn until December 21. During the 60-day period they had made a total gain of 65 pounds per head, or slightly more than one pound per day. The ten acres of corn thus produced 260 pounds per acre of calf weight and it was calculated that, valuing the gain in weight at eight cents per pound, each acre of corn had produced \$20.80, with no cost for harvesting or feeding. A single wire electric fence around the field served very well.

The weather in this case was exceptionally favorable, more so than if heavy snow and cold had prevailed. Moreover, it was reported that the corn was thoroughly cured and dried on the stalk and a large percentage of the leaves and husks were carried away by high winds. This loss would have been overcome had the calves been put into the field a month earlier, while the leaves and stalks were still green and the cobs well filled and nearly matured.

Authorities at Manyberries reported that the corn crop had been completely utilized, the field looking as though it had been cut with a binder. Cobs and grain were all consumed, the calves were in good condition, fleshy and in good bloom, and only a small percentage of the stalks remained.

### Market At Correct Weights

THE biggest single step, and the easiest, which farmers of western Canada can take, in order to increase the quality of hogs going to market and at the same time raise the percentage of Grade A hogs so as to command the premium of three dollars per head, is to market hogs at correct weights.

It is perhaps not too much to say that more than any other single factor having to do with the Canadian bacon trade in the years to come, the practice of marketing hogs at correct weights will determine our position in the British market. It is a much more simple matter to watch weights, and market hogs at from 190 to 210 pounds, than it is to secure hogs that are well bred, or to feed them properly and correctly for a period of six months. It stands to reason, therefore, that if we cannot get our Canadian hogs marketed at correct weights, we have very little hope of developing them to a sufficiently high level of good breeding and feeding to

produce the regular supply of good quality bacon which the British market demands.

### Urea A Protein Supplement

IN very recent years considerable publicity has been given to the use of urea as a protein supplement in the feeding of livestock and particularly for dairy cows. Urea is a chemical product which can be readily manufactured and is composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. It gets its name from the fact that it is found in urine as a waste product in the utilization of feed for the building up of body tissues. Ruminants such as sheep and dairy cattle are able to convert urea into protein, as a result of the work of bacteria found in the paunch. Protein found in this way becomes available to the animal as it is absorbed from the digestive tract.

Scientists know that if fed in large quantities, urea has a toxic or poisonous effect on the body, so that it must be carefully fed and mixed properly with other feed if the best results are to be obtained.

At the University of Alberta last year, an experiment was conducted by Dr. J. E. Bowstead of the Department of Animal Science, in the feeding of urea to dairy cattle. Four cows in each of two evenly matched groups were used and were fed for from seven to fourteen consecutive weeks, with a view to comparing urea and linseed meal as protein supplements, in order to check the possible advantage of either one on the quantity of milk produced, the per cent butterfat in the milk, changes in the body weight of animals and in the palatability of the two rations.

It was known that much work still needs to be done to determine the exact value of urea as a dairy feed, but the experiments at Edmonton showed that when urea is substituted for linseed meal on a comparative nitrogen basis, it was equal to linseed meal for milk and butterfat production, as well as for maintenance of live weight. It was also found that in substituting 40 pounds of urea and 260 pounds of oats for 300 pounds of linseed meal, the urea was worth \$4.85 per hundredweight, or \$97 per ton, as compared with linseed meal at \$50 per ton. The experiment clearly revealed, however, that concentrate mixtures containing urea were somewhat unpalatable as compared with linseed meal. In the United States, experiments have not always revealed this unpalatability, perhaps because molasses was also fed to mask any undesirable flavor of urea.

### Life Expectancy In Cattle

THE average life expectancy of beef cattle, including grades and pure-breds of both sexes is 2.9 years; for registered pure-breds, including both males and females, six years. Among dairy cattle, females, including both grades and pure-breds, live on the average 5.5 years, while registered pure-bred females have an average life of 6.1 years.



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### Twelve Years To Pure-Breds

FROM "The Farmer and Stock Breeder," an old established British farm paper, comes an illustration of the reward to be secured from the grading up of dairy herds. The herd in this case is a herd of Dairy Shorthorns near Buckingham, into which, for more than 30 years, no female has been introduced. It was originally a herd of good commercial cattle without pedigree. In 1918 the owner was encouraged by a grading-up plan sponsored by the Dairy Shorthorn Association, to purchase his first purebred bull. Today, the entire herd consists of 268 purebred animals, and it is reported that 739 females have passed through the herd and have averaged 8,062 pounds of milk since 1922.

During the 12 years from the time a purebred sire was first used, until 1930, when it was possible to make the first entry in the Coates' Herd Book, the owner had expended £625 on pure-bred sires. In November, 1943, the herd showed the first prize heifer at the Breed's Society Show and Sale, and she sold for £640, thus more than getting back the capital expenditure on sires during the grading up period.

This illustration of twelve years from grades to pure-bred without introducing a single female from outside the herd, is a useful object lesson, and should provide a valuable moral to men on Canadian farms who have been raising grade cattle for 30 years or more and still have cattle of no better quality than those they started with.

### Sheep Have A Definite Place

DR. E. S. ARCHIBALD, the very able and enthusiastic Director of the Experimental Farms Service, Ottawa, has argued vigorously from time to time for an extension of the sheep industry in Canada. It has been hard going, because statistics seem to prove that Canadians, as a people, care much less for mutton and lamb than for other meats, and also that farmers, as a group of producers, are difficult to enthruse over sheep.

Nevertheless, there is both common sense and economic argument in Dr. Archibald's contention. There is a great deal of comparatively poor land which sheep can make use of much more economically than other kinds of livestock.

In Canada, we have so much land that we have been wasteful of our poorer land. Dr. Archibald contends that sheep have a definite preference over other classes of meat animals in the economical use of grasses, the comparatively small requirements of winter-stored roughages, and the very small amount of labor required for the handling of wool and lambs. Experiments have demonstrated, according to Dr. Archibald, that where grass lands are properly grazed by sheep, they are extremely beneficial because of the even distribution of manure, their habit of close grazing, and the fact that they compact the soil.

In view of these facts, it is only sensible to argue that sheep can be used very advantageously for the production of human food on land either not used, or unsuitable for other purposes. In western Canada there are large tracts of range land not grazed by any livestock. Dr. Archibald advances the suggestion that sheep in this country can be fitted into the agricultural program best in an organized manner. Small flocks on individual farms frequently lead to attempts to keep sheep under unfavorable soil conditions, on poor and insufficient feed, and under conditions where indiscriminate breeding can only produce substantial variations in quality, of both lamb and wool. Because sheep do require a minimum of labor, they get too little care and attention. They are often improperly shorn, the wool is not clean, quarters are poor, rations not balanced, lambs not properly finished, and rams of indiscriminate breeding used.

Dr. Archibald calls attention to a definite trend in western Canada towards the development of co-operation in grazing, shearing, marketing and the handling of wool, so that larger flocks, maintained on land suitable for grazing, are tending to overcome the handicaps of indifference and neglect, characteristic of many small scattered flocks.



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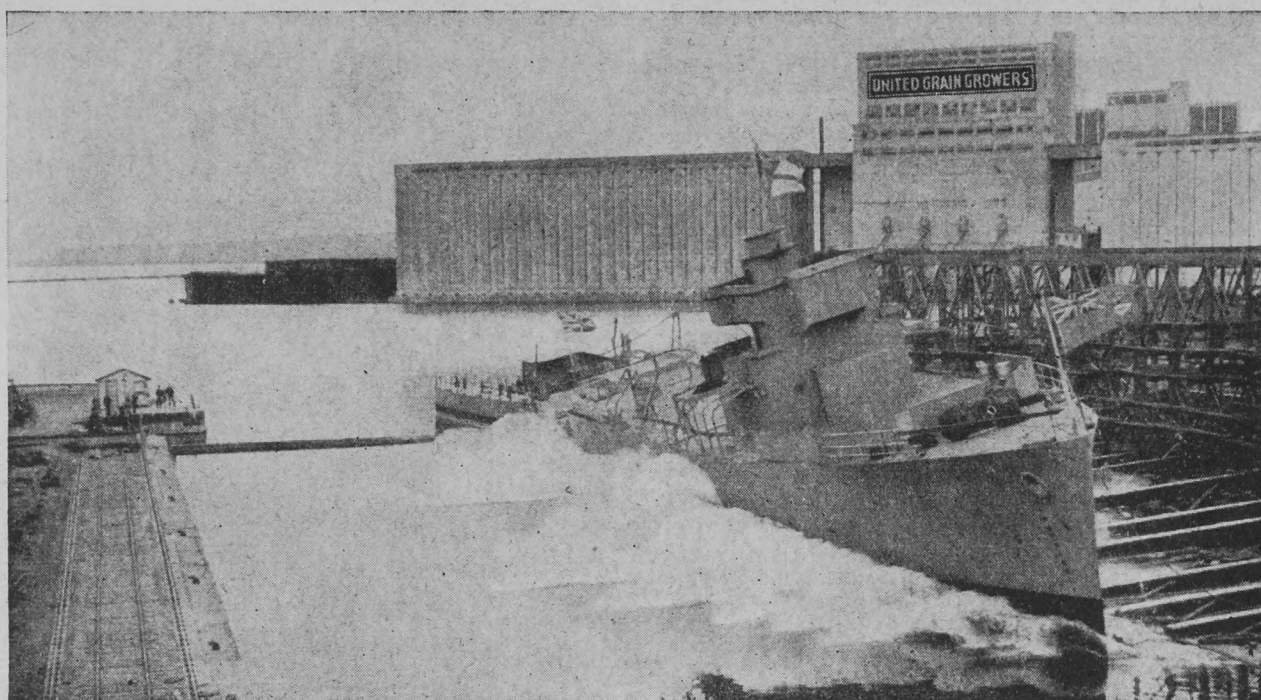
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Canada's contribution of food begun on Canadian farms, followed through to the long line of her grain elevators and terminals across thousands of miles of rail, lake and ocean to European ports. Victory could not have been won without this contribution of food from Canada's farms.

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transport services been linked together with her gallant seamen, airmen, soldiers, technicians, and scientists in winning glorious victory.

President Truman and Prime Minister Churchill (as he then was) have reported to the world the victorious conclusion of the historic and bitter struggle against the U-boats in a trenchant sentence: "We, President and Prime Minister, can now report that the Allies have finished the job."

Canadian warships escorted 25,343 merchant ships carrying 181,643,180 tons of cargo from North American ports to British and European ports during the course of the war in Europe. This figure does not include "the many thousands of ships" (to quote from the message of the President and Prime Minister) escorted on the return journey.

To Canadian scientists, technicians, seamen, airmen, farmers and all others concerned has been made known in this historic message the grateful thanks of the free peoples of Europe. Meanwhile although convoy across the Atlantic has ceased the production of food for Europe's needy peoples continues to be one of the main responsibilities of western farmers.

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## FIELD



When the stream of golden grain begins to run through prairie elevators, Canada's ability to feed the hungry people of Europe is renewed.—Guide photo.

### Are Drifted Fields Necessary Now?

**A**N article in The Country Guide for May pointed to the fact that in Manitoba more than a million acres of land formerly cultivated are now back to native vegetation, while soil drifting in years past has taken place on thousands of Manitoba farms largely as a result of summerfallowing.

Recently a letter from the Dominion experimental station at Lethbridge calls attention to the fact that on May 10 the Lethbridge area experienced a storm which was "without question the most devastating storm we have had in years and thousands of acres of crop land were severely affected." Officials in Lethbridge point definitely to carelessness as responsible for such damage, when there are men who have used sound farming practices and have put their land in such shape as to weather storms of this kind referred to without damage.

Soil properly treated stays put, while neighboring soil which has been carelessly handled "disappears in a cloud of dust." The Lethbridge letter contains some plain speaking. Two paragraphs are reproduced below in the hope that they will be read by those who need to read them:

"Western farmers have been rightfully incensed by the devastation caused by the war in Europe. We feel that it is criminal that human beings should waste their resources in such a manner. To lay waste a country through war is something that shocks us. And yet here in western Canada the individual farmers blithely sit back and permit their own most important resource, the soil, to be laid waste. If it is a crime to blast resources in war, certainly it is an equally great crime for us to permit it here.

"We hear much talk these days for and against socialization of industries and agriculture and also much criticism of regimentation and regulation in the various fields of private endeavor. Most people object to controls over their individual freedom, but one of the surest ways of bringing such controls and regulations into effect is to permit individual freedom to waste our natural resources. Therefore, if the farmers of western Canada want to continue to be free from such interference, they must individually accept the responsibility that rests upon them and put into effect those methods of management that will insure them control of their soil."

### Thin Stands of New Seeding

**S**OMETIMES new seedings of grass or legumes are very thin and unpromising. It may be that they form parts of a rotation in which it is highly desirable to keep a particular field in hay or pasture for a given period. What to do with a thin stand is a problem.

If the rotation is very short and involves only seeding down to sweet clover, the fields may be seeded to fall rye in September, or oats as early as possible in the spring, in order to insure a cutting of hay the following year. Thin stands are most difficult, however, in longer rotations where it is desired to get one or two years of pasture after the hay crop. The object then should be to strengthen the stand of grass. On some of the illustration stations in Manitoba this has been done by drilling in grass and legume seeds early in September, or delaying the operation until late fall just before

freeze-up. It has been found possible in certain cases to seed fall rye in September among the grass, so as to provide a supplement for the following year to whatever grass or legume there may be available for hay; and it will also augment the grass for pasture during the following year.

### Early Fall Grass Seedings

**G**REATER recognition of the importance of grass in sound farm practice is required to give permanence to agriculture in the prairie provinces. The time-honored system of grain, grain and fallow, or grain and fallow, is only one step removed from soil mining and soil exploitation. It is a practice which has been forced upon fairly large areas of prairie land, where soil moisture in any one year cannot be depended on to carry through the crop of that year. But it is also true that it has been partly continued by habit, and that soil erosion and soil drifting have characterized those areas where this practice is most firmly rooted.

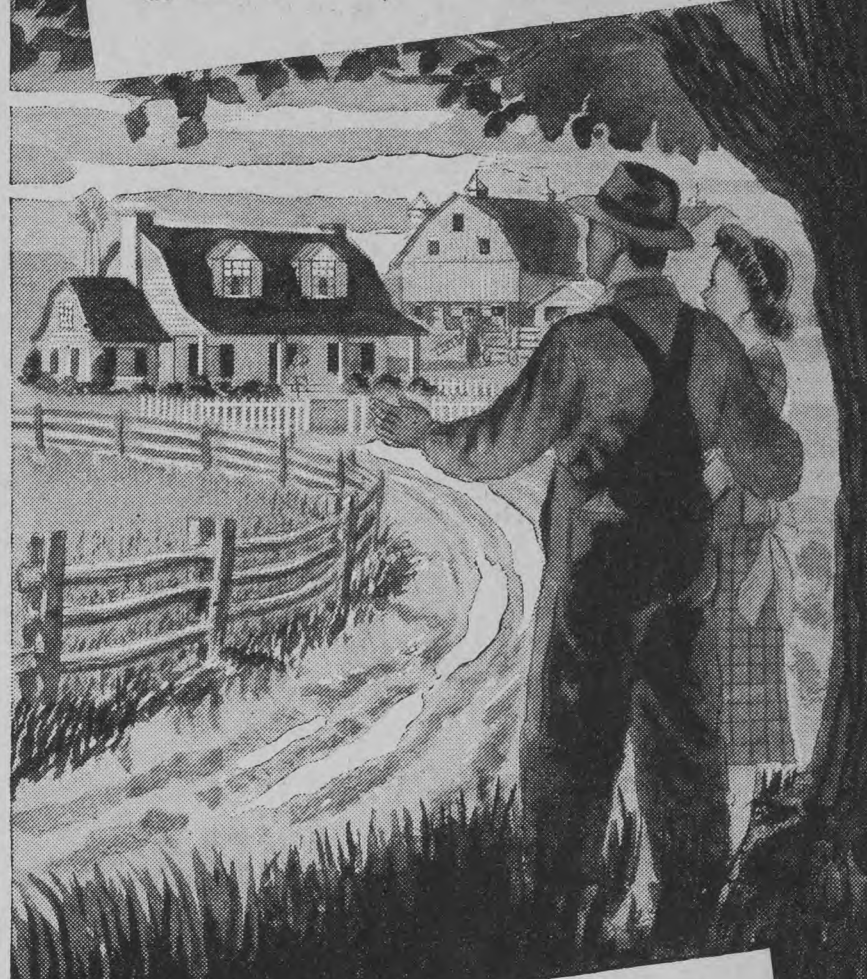
Today it is not necessary on the great majority of farms, even in the drier districts, to be entirely without grass or without livestock. The two go together and they are indissolubly bound up with successful and permanent farm practice.

There are in western Canada something like 140 species of grasses which grow naturally on the grazing lands of the prairie provinces. These include a wide range in quality, both as to yield and palatability. Many of them furnish highly nutritious forage. Nevertheless, about 90 per cent of all grass forage is produced by about ten species. Unfortunately, none of these except brome grass is particularly suitable for cultivation and it was not until crested wheat grass was introduced into the prairie provinces, that real and immediate hope of utilizing grass freely in the drier areas became widespread. It required a number of years of experience before it was possible to handle crested wheat grass efficiently and to use it for the re-grassing of lands which had been cultivated too long. Work done at the Dominion Experimental Station, Scott, Saskatchewan, as well as elsewhere, has been very helpful in establishing it and other grasses in areas where re-grassing had previously been very difficult.

Because hay crops usually drop their seed in late summer and continue until early winter, it was discovered that nature's methods could be imitated for the seeding of crested wheat grass. Seeding of grasses when the summer heat begins to slacken off is most successful, and around the end of August or early September is most satisfactory, especially if good rains are received about this time.

This period of seeding is also reasonably applicable to brome grass, but is not nearly as satisfactory with legumes. The grasses are able to become well established before winter, whereas, if the seedings were not made until the latter part of September or early October, the only growth before winter is very fine and seedling roots have not been able to establish themselves. The result is that many plants may not survive the following spring. Seedings made in the latter part of October fail to germinate until early spring. Next to seeding very early in the fall, seeding as late as possible has given best results with grasses, especially in the drier parts of the prairie.

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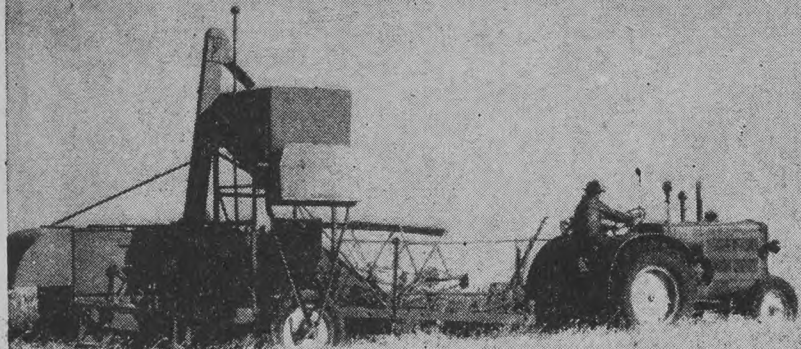
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Results from seeding sweet clover in the spring are generally much more satisfactory than from fall seeding, or with alfalfa. Late fall seeding is fairly dependable, but early fall seeding is not reliable.

### Harvesting the Crop of Wheat

**T**he most logical time to harvest the wheat crop is when the greatest net return will be secured. Wheat, as a rule, can be cut several days before it is fully ripe, without losing anything either as to yield, grade or quality. Some varieties shatter more than others, in which case, they should be cut several days before maturity, the time of starting depending somewhat on the size of the field and the length of time it will take to cut it. Where a crop is late in maturing and is likely to be injured by frost, if left longer than absolutely necessary, it is better to cut it early and suffer a little loss in quality than to cut it too late and suffer injury from frost. The same factor of loss is involved when sawfly infestation occurs. Cutting several days before maturity may prevent loss through the falling or blowing down of infected stems.

Because combine grain should be left standing until fully ripe, varieties such as Marquis, Thatcher, Apex, Regent and Renown, which hold their kernels tightly, are most satisfactory, more so than Reliance and Red Bobs, which do not hold the grain as closely. When cutting Thatcher with a binder, the University of Saskatchewan recommends cutting about two days before the crop is ripe and suggests that the best test for ripeness is to test a kernel of the grain with the thumb nail. If the kernel is only slightly dented with a fair pressure of the nail, the grain is ripe.

Combine grain must be fully ripe before combining, because there is not the same opportunity for curing, as where the crop is swathed, or cut with the binder and stooked. Grain is cured when the kernels are quite hard and dry to the touch as they are shelled out by hand. Obviously, if the field is to be stooked, stooks should be well constructed so as to offer a sturdy resistance to wind, and shed as much rain as possible. Thatcher, for example, stands up well for some time after it is fully ripe. It holds its grain well and does not sprout easily. These characteristics make it suitable either for straight combining, swathing or stooking.

### Reserves of Feed Are Important

**T**he five years since 1939 have witnessed many changes on the farms of western Canada. Not the least of these has been the extraordinary increase in livestock numbers, which has necessitated unusual preparations and reserves in the matter of feed. Some of this livestock production, which is now a war-time policy in western Canada, will not outlast the war by very long, but it may be expected that on a good many farms the advantage of diversification will have been amply demonstrated and that more livestock than pre-war numbers will become a permanent policy of farm production.

It will be of the utmost importance, however, under our climatic conditions where crop yields are variable, that ample reserves, in both feed and seed, be provided. There are many western farmers already who sell very little, if any, grain as a normal practice. There are thousands of other farms where most of the grain produced is sold. Wherever livestock enters the picture to an appreciable extent, it will be found necessary, if the business of individual farms is to be stabilized, to keep as nearly as possible a year's feed and seed in reserve.

Every farmer knows that one of the greatest boons that could be granted to agriculture is stabilized prices. Along with this, however, goes an equally essential stabilization of production on the individual farm itself. Farmers who are not driven by location to principal or entire dependence on wheat and grain production, will find diversification advantageous as a permanent policy. Moreover, except in certain very special areas where irrigation may provide opportunities for seed growing and other specialized production, added sources of revenue are seldom possible without some livestock. The wheel of circumstance turns inevitably in the direction

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of diversification as one means of bringing security and stability to the farm; and this, in turn, implies some livestock production and necessitates ample reserves of both feed and seed.

#### Erector Sweet Clover

**E**RECTOR sweet clover is a yellow-blossom variety which was developed at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon. At Brandon, this variety has outyielded other sweet clover varieties in five out of eight years, according to results recently made public. It is described as a fine-stemmed variety, which makes a good quality hay, flowers early, and was so named because of the fact that the branches are erect.

This erect form tends to provide a clean stubble at haying time that is free from flowers which later may form seed. Also, according to Brandon authorities, "the tendency to be weedy, a common objection to many sweet clover varieties, is therefore not characteristic of Erector."

#### Cleaning The Separator

**T**HE grain separator is an efficient machine for threshing, but is exceedingly difficult to clean thoroughly. Consequently, weed seeds are distributed in many cases, as the result of moving threshing outfits from one field to another, or from one farm to another. Custom threshers are seldom cleaned thoroughly and are responsible for many weed infestations, but too often, farmers themselves are partly responsible for this, because they are unwilling to pay for the time necessary to clean separators with sufficient thoroughness.

Because of this difficulty in cleaning grain separators, seed growers, in most cases, have found it necessary to own their own separators, and even then, the fact that many parts of the machine are difficult to get at, makes cleaning hard to do. The danger of weed seed contamination is increased by the fact that even when a machine appears to be clean there may be lodged or crusted material, or even dried grease here and there which will carry weed seeds and, unless cleaned out thoroughly, will break off. Sometimes metal straps or other metal pieces will be lifted to some extent, or cracks will appear in the wood, providing hiding space for seeds. Even a very short run will enable cylinder bars to collect much dust and seeds.

Sometimes seed growers have attempted to be extremely thorough in cleaning a separator and have almost dismantled and rebuilt the machine, only to find grain coming out after it was put in operation again. Because of this difficulty, time seldom permits as extensive a cleaning as is really necessary, to do a thorough job. However, it is quite possible, after threshing each field, to run the machine until it is empty and to thoroughly clean the augers and screens. It is also practicable to thresh the first grain from a new field separately if the machine has been moved from a weedy field.

Along with the cleaning of the separator, care should be given to the outside of the machine and to the bundle racks that are moved from field to field or farm to farm. Now, more than usual, there is likelihood of carelessness in the cleaning of threshing equipment, owing to the fact the labor is so scarce, but cleaning is still as important as ever and the elimination of weeds by extensive cultivation is more costly than ever.

#### Pep Up the Old Stands

**D**URING the fall months when the soil is dry, is a good time to rejuvenate an old stand of grass. Sometimes crested wheat grass and brome become so thick they are no longer productive. What is required is to thin out the stands; and any implements that will do this will help increase the yield. The Dominion Experimental Station at Lethbridge, has found that for crested wheat grass, the most suitable instrument is the one-way disc, used either with every disc cutting, or with every other disc removed. Running the implement at right angles to the way of seeding so as to destroy about 50 per cent of the stand, has given average yield increases up to 30 per cent for the three seasons following. Any lumps caused by this operation can be broken down by the disc-harrow.

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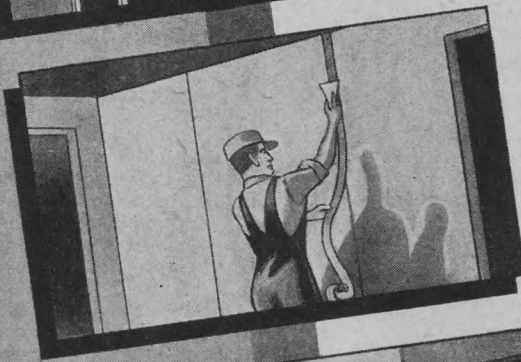
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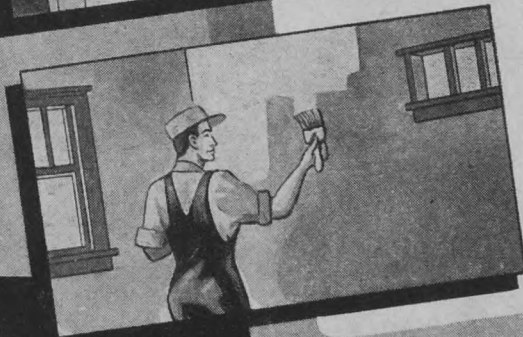
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### What Price Mortality?

IT is not uncommon to hear of flocks where the death rate reaches 20 per cent or even higher. Yet many accept this as part of the hazards of the poultry business with the result that the costs of production are increased accordingly. While it is true that good management practices have not entirely eliminated these losses, they nevertheless have helped to reduce them to the minimum. Prevention, not cure, is the economical method of controlling poultry diseases. Because of their low unit value, individual treatment of a sick bird is seldom recommended. The role of sanitation cannot be over-emphasized and under this general heading, good management should receive major consideration. Floors should be so constructed that they are easily cleaned; concrete is the most suitable. The litter should be changed as often as necessary to keep the floor dry. In the winter months, clean litter may be required each week. Droppings board or pit should be wired off if at all possible. This will prevent the birds from walking in the droppings. The water containers and feed hoppers should be so constructed as to prevent the birds from walking in them or roosting over them. Poor ventilation results in dampness which in turn is conducive to colds and roup. Should an outbreak of disease occur, send a live specimen or two to your provincial veterinary laboratory for free examination. Also write a letter explaining in detail the nature of the outbreak, your methods of feeding, housing, etc.

### Preparing for the New Layers

THE time to prepare the laying house for the pullets is before they are moved in from range. Within the next month or so, many thousands of pullets will be coming into production and now is the time to clean the poultry house and make any necessary repairs. All movable equipment should be taken out, scraped and disinfected with lye, then allowed to thoroughly dry in the sun. The walls should be washed down and whitewashed. If the floor is either cement or boards, it can be scraped and disinfected. To safeguard against the carry-over of disease, a dirt floor should be dug to a depth of 6-8 inches and replaced with clean earth, smoothed and packed down. If a straw loft type of house is being used, replace the straw if it has been in for two or more years. Straw left in the loft for too long a period becomes packed and this will seriously interfere with the proper ventilation of the house next winter. Spray the roosts and nests with creosote, making sure no cracks or crevices are overlooked. This is a good method of controlling mites. Check over the equipment to make sure all is in good working order. After the house is completely dry, cover the floor with a good six inches of straw, fill the nests with shavings or chaffy straw and replace all the equipment. Everything should now be ready to insure your pullets getting a good start for their year of production. The following mixture has proven satisfactory for whitewash: One sack of hydrated lime dissolved in enough water to make a paste. Add sufficient milk to give the required consistency. One pound of salt. If desired, a disinfectant may be added to the above solution.

### Feed A Balanced Diet

AS has already been announced, Canada will be shipping shell eggs in addition to dried egg powder to Great Britain this fall. The price has been advanced for these months in order to encourage the production of fall eggs. It is at this time of year that there is normally a period of scarcity since the hens are going out of production and the pullets are just commencing to lay. It is a comparatively simple matter to obtain a few eggs in the spring and summer but if we want to take advantage of this increased price, special attention must be given the layers. Wheat, oats, and barley are good feeds but to be of greatest value, they must be supplemented with proteins, vitamins, and minerals in the proper proportions. Too often, the pullets are placed in the winter quarters and the only feed they receive is chopped grains plus some whole grains. Production is average for a short period of time followed by a slump. Soft or thin-shelled eggs are noted and if the condition is not remedied, some of the birds lose the use of their legs. What has happened is that the layers have drawn on their body reserves to produce normal eggs and once these reserves are used up, production falls off. To prevent such an occurrence, feed a well balanced diet which supplies all the necessary ingredients for the maintenance of good health and production. These may be obtained either by preparing a laying mash at home, or purchasing a laying concentrate to which is added home-grown grains in the proportions recommended by the manufacturer. The laying mash should be in front of the birds at all times in hoppers. Whole grains are fed morning and evening at the rate of 12-15 pounds per 100 birds per day. Fresh clean water and oyster shell or calcium bearing grit must be provided.

### Poultry Meat Is Needed

WITH the announcement of the return of meat rationing in Canada, poultry meats will assume a more prominent place. In addition to domestic requirements, our export trade will require many millions of pounds of chicken and fowl. These demands can only be filled by the birds in our flocks at the present time. Elsewhere on this page the need for eggs is mentioned. The question naturally arises—should we sell our hens as meat or keep them for eggs? Actually we can do both. Culling the non-layers now while they are in good flesh will help to meet our meat requirements and at the same time will remove the boarders from the flock. How this culling is done was explained last month. A good proportion of our meat will be derived from the cockerels marketed this fall. These birds are not ready until they have completed the greater part of their growth. There has been a tendency in the past to market many of the early feathering, rapid growing cockerels before they were mature. Early feathering, rapid growing birds are not ready for market any sooner than are the slower feathering breeds. The best method of determining when to market is to pick up the birds and run your fingers through the feathers on the back from the tail to neck. If small pin feathers are found, the birds are too immature; when these pin feathers are nearly fully grown, the cockerels are ready for fattening.

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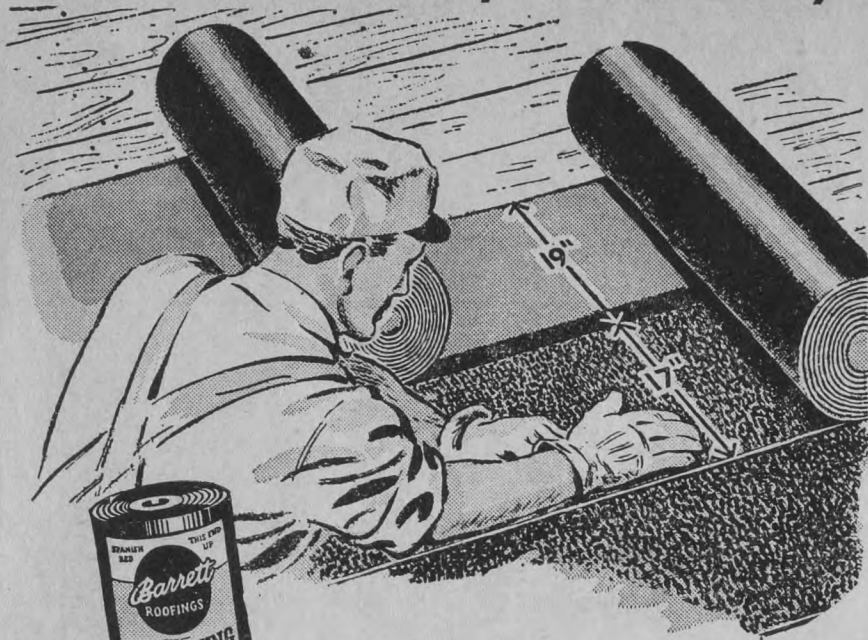
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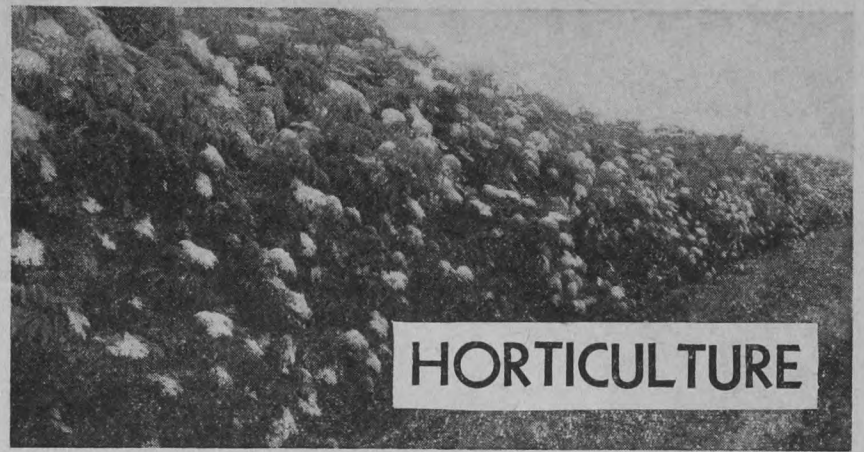


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## HORTICULTURE

A hedgerow of black elderberries in bloom at the Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, Man.—Morden photo.

### Beauty From All Around

**D**URING the summer months nature is very lavish in her display of beauty. The trees, grass, shrubs, flowers and even the vegetable gardens each offer a range of color and design that can be very pleasing. There is no reason why almost every farm home cannot reflect some of the beauty that is so abundant during the growing period.

Even though the garden may not contain a wide range of flowers or shrubs or trees, materials for decorating may be of a different kind than are found in gardens where rainfall is abundant and soil especially fertile. In spite of deficiencies, arrangement alone may make such common objects as weeds and branches of shrubs and trees that may be available, attractive enough to give a very pleasing effect. Here is a description of an arrangement which was used for a reception in a large and beautiful room. For this purpose a vase about as large as an ordinary pail was used and some chicken wire was pressed down into it to hold the branches.

"From the riverbank and vacant lots," we are told, "weeds of all varieties, forms and colors were gathered and then carefully sorted as to type and growth.

The tallest elements used were five mullein stalks, cut to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  times the height of the vase. Some were pushed farther down so that none of them were exactly the same height. The central, finest, fullest stalk rose above the others. Next, dry oak branches, the leaves of which had retained some of their color were put in just around the top of the receptacle making a base for the design. Next, rose haws on delicate, well-formed branches were placed into the space between. Because a round-headed, heavier form was needed, yarrow seed stalks were generally interspersed between the rose haws. Then handfuls of long-bearded wheat were stuck into the empty spaces. The wheat held its place in bunches, but gracefully freed itself from a too set and stiff position."

We are told that the greyed-black of the mullein seed, the brown of the yarrow, with the brighter colors of the rose haws and wheat, presented a combination which was very attractive. Equally satisfactory arrangements for home or other use are possible in almost any locality, especially if some of the cultivated plants are available to help out.

### How About Hoeing and Cultivating

By CHAS. WALKOF

Assistant in Vegetable Gardening, Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, Man.

**A**AVAILABLE evidence shows that hoeing and cultivation can be overdone. Frequent and deep tillage after mid-June are listed as the basic causes of extensive damage to garden plants. Normally this damage is not particularly noticeable on the plants. It shows up most markedly on the marketable and total yields at harvest.

Improper hoeing and cultivating affect the unseen and highly important root systems of the vegetable plants. With large or mature plants a vast network of greatly branched rootlets permeates the soil. These organs supply the plants with essential water and minerals. They often grow considerable distances to forage for nutrients. The rootlets, as the name implies, are small and hardly noticeable to the casual observer.

The bulk of the network of feeder rootlets are in the upper soil layer. They can be found within one-half inch of the soil surface, depending on the depth of soil moisture. They also spread throughout the soil area between the garden rows after the plants are full grown. Hence, hoeing deeply or cultivating with the duckfoot churns up a large and valuable part of the feeding system of the vegetable plants. The reason that adverse effects may not be noticeable on the plants is because the main roots in the row are still able to supply ample moisture to prevent wilting. However, with a restricted feeding system, plants such as tomatoes may have smaller fruits, or fewer flowers may set fruit; corn ears may be smaller; and melons may be fewer and smaller, in comparison with plants whose roots are undisturbed.

The role of the hoe and the cultivator in the spring and early summer is an important one. Weeds are most active then and constant vigilance with the hoe when they are small pays dividends.

During this time also the roots of the growing vegetables are still limited in area, and damage from cultivation is negligible. Deep cultivation is not favored at any time, if the soil has been well prepared before seeding. If it is used, it should cease during the third week in June. From then on hoeing and cultivating should be primarily a scuffling or scraping action. Moreover, the main purpose then should be to kill those weeds that still persist.

The reason for the feeder rootlets concentrating in the top soil is that this is the warmest and richest part of the earth. Here also are found the bacteria and other micro-organisms which break down the raw undecomposed material to form plant food. A fair amount of moisture is definitely necessary for normal activity. Should this soil area be deeply hoed or cultivated, the damage is twofold. Firstly, the roots are destroyed, and secondly the soil dries out, thereby immobilizing a vast plant food factory. Actually this damage is more than temporary since it takes a considerable time for the bacteria and also the plant roots to function normally again.

A firm top soil is highly desirable for maximum soil activity. The vitally important bacteria produce plant nutrients more effectively in a firm than in a loose top soil and the feeder rootlets also grow and spread out much more rapidly. There is, however, a distinct difference between a firm and a packed soil. In a firm soil there is just the right amount of air, moisture and freedom of movement for bacteria and roots, whereas a packed soil is often lacking in these conditions. Every precaution should be taken to prevent packing the soil, especially such as working heavy soil when it is wet.

The rootlets of certain vegetables do not spread as much as others. With onions, they go mostly downward. Ac-



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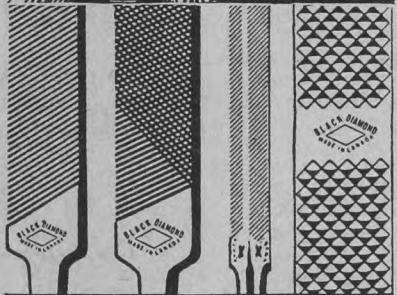
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cordingly, deep hoeing would be permissible for a longer period than with most vegetables. However, experimental evidence indicates that heavy yields of onions can be expected only if the soil is kept firm and not stirred after the bulbs begin to size.

Soil crusting and baking is undesirable for optimum plant growth. Where this occurs after deep cultivation has ceased the soil should be stirred lightly with the garden rake or spike-toothed cultivator. It is preferable to do this while the soil surface is still somewhat moist.

Vegetables planted closely will in most cases smother weeds by early July. This dispenses with the use of the hoe and cultivator. However, close planting requires a fertile soil and ample moisture to support the heavy growth. On the Canadian prairies, this system would be limited to the irrigated areas and districts with generous rainfall.

Mulching the growing vegetables with grass clippings or rotted manure at least two inches deep is recommended. The mulch restrains small weeds, limits surface evaporation, reflects sunlight, and hence tends to keep the soil cool. Under certain conditions mulching has limitations, such as in gardens where row irrigation is practised. It has been found to delay ripening in hot season vegetables, as tomatoes, peppers, melons, squash and pumpkin. On the other hand, cool season vegetables, as cabbage, cauliflower, peas, carrots, beets, etc., benefit by mulching and respond with generous yields.



Morden finds that evergreens can be moved in August satisfactorily.—Guide photo.

## Questions

Q. (Mrs. H.E.E., Chedderville, Alta.): Our tame raspberries had what I believe was raspberry saw fly. The berries had small worms inside when picked. What should we do to prevent this?

A. The trouble-maker is probably the Raspberry Fruit Worm. It is seldom widespread on the prairies. Combat by dusting with Derris ( $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent rotenone content) 10 days after first blossoms appear. Give two further dustings at weekly intervals.

Q. (Mrs. W. H. L., Weston, Ont.): What is the treatment for gladioli that have thrip? When is the best time to treat them. Should the bulbs be peeled first?

A. The corms after harvest are stored in a cool basement until they ripen and dry. Then husk, place in a manila paper bag, apply a heaping teaspoon of naphthalene flakes (or grated moth balls) to 100 corms. Crease over the top of the bag two or three times to confine the fumes. Store in a dry basement for three or four weeks. Shake out the flakes and store corms in perforated bags in a cool cellar until planting time in May.

Q. (Mrs. K. S., Talmadge, Sask.): I wish suggestions for a garden hedge that will grow fast.

A. The Manchurian form of Dwarf Asiatic elm probably is the most rapid growing hedge plant available. It is distinctly harder than the form from China that is sold under the name of Chinese elm. A common name in Asia for the tree is the Manchurian hedge plant. Other vigorous subjects for making into a clipped hedge are: Amur maple, laurel willow, villosa lilac, Hungarian lilac, Tatarian honeysuckle, Siberian buckthorn, and caragana. For lasting success it is imperative that the hedge be trimmed to conic form. Shape it to be narrow at the top and broaden towards the ground.

# THE BATTERY WITH A KICK

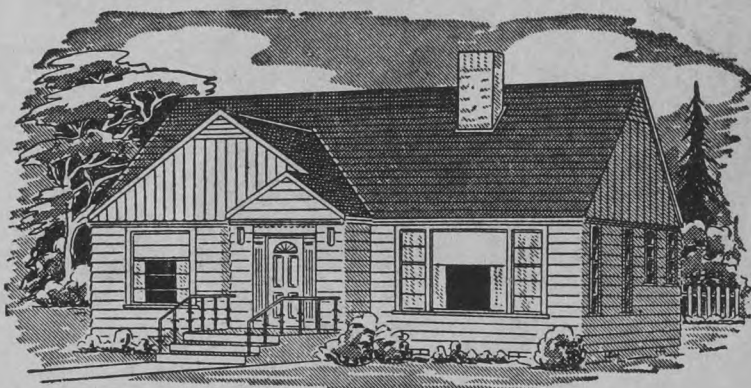


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"DREAM HOME"  
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In the transportation of food stuffs to a Canada now partially freed from war and to the friendly nations of a starving, pillaged Europe, White Rose Petroleum Products are playing their part.

## WHITE ROSE

### MOTOR OIL AND GASOLINES

*the PICK of them all!*

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED

## FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS, COUNTRYMEN

Continued from page 10

of low cost of production through the use of machines and the raising of livestock at low cost, with an abundance of farm-grown grains, and where expensive housing is not considered a necessity.

The future success of western agriculture will depend largely on the degree to which farmers are able to adapt their methods and their thinking to their special conditions; and on their ability to overcome the handicap of isolation and turn it into an asset through the application of co-operation. This is where sound principles of democracy now relate to agriculture with special force. It seems probable that, at least for Canada, Britain and the United States after the war, the world will be much more fully industrialized than before. Some writers argue, with considerable force and logic, that the intense war effort in the principal warring countries will have brought to each of them a realization of what science and industry can do when combined to supply the legitimate wants of people; and that to achieve full employment for all, or freedom from fear and want, progressive industrialization will become a necessity. In this industrial society, if it materializes, what will become of the farmer? Can he, too, industrialize his business further? Can he increase the tempo and the efficiency of his operations sufficiently to keep pace with the increase in industry, as well as to overcome some of his present handicaps?

It is a safe conclusion that he cannot do any of these things well enough to improve his relative position, without making use, in every possible direction, of the practical advantages of co-operation. As an individualist in a world being drawn into closer interdependency, the farmer hasn't a ghost of a chance—unless he prefers to deny the importance of human dignity, forego his rights as a potentially free democratic citizen and sink into peasantry. The choice lies before us today as never before. Now is the time to grasp the nettle of responsibility, or forever hold our peace. The pressure of events is upon us.

**CO-OPERATION** has hitherto been applied to agriculture as a collective economic measure of individual self-help. That is to say, we have, for the most part, relied on such kindred interest as exists between individuals producing the same product (wheat, livestock, poultry, seed, or what not) and scattered over a wide territory, to bring economic advantages through savings, improved prices, or other benefits. In similar fashion we have applied the principles and practices of the Rochdale pioneers to some of our necessities as consumers. We have co-operated by marketable commodity and by purchase, but we have not yet surrendered enough of our individualism to even think seriously about producing co-operatively; nor have we thought seriously about the social advantages of co-operation to a community.

There is a disadvantage in all highly commercialized types of organization. It is a disadvantage that is inherent in the nature of these organizations only because it is inherent in human nature. Size and success engender pride and arrogance on the one hand, and controversy and antagonisms on the other. These manifestations, wherever they appear, tend to split the tree of co-operation at the root—which is the community; and since the community is also the foundation of rural democracy and, next to the individual farm, the basis of all rural progress, the result in such cases is not good.

In the modern world relatively small organizations are comparatively unimportant, when operating independently. The movement of most agricultural products to market necessarily occurs over a wide area and centres about a comparatively few large market centres. Large volume is, therefore, essential at

the chief market places: Hence the inevitability of size—and, perhaps, of arrogance and dissension. Nevertheless, for nearly all poisons there is an antidote; and the obvious antidote in this case, lies in the sound development of rural democracy, through co-operation within the community.

**O**F far greater importance however, than the difficulty just referred to is the advantage to the community, and all individuals within it, of working together. It is not likely that there is a single problem related to the production of either crops or livestock, in any community in western Canada, that could not be tackled to advantage by co-operative methods. Soil fertility, weed control, soil drifting, pest control, improved breeding stock, the production of specialized crops that can be grown to advantage, the co-operative use of machinery, the improvement of roads, schools and churches, health services, and almost everything affecting the lives of the people, could be improved through a working community organization.

It needs no stretch of the imagination to realize that in a community of that sort, taking advantage of community assets, sharing and developing them together, knowing and understanding each other, each helping to raise the level of comfort and well-being of the others, these levels would rise (and land values with them) if only because the majority of people would like to live in such a community. Nor does it need any further stretch of the imagination to believe that communities of this type, having tried and proven that co-operation pays at home, would welcome more readily an extension of the principle outside the community, in any field where it would seem to be advantageous.

There is no reasonable limit, except the limit which the people of the community voluntarily place upon their own willingness to attempt. If you were a member of the municipal council, or of the legislature, or of parliament, which type of community would you be most likely to listen to; and which would be most likely to make sound, practical representations? If only one in four or five of the communities in western Canada were consciously attempting to be communities of this kind, would the volume and quality of agricultural production be increased? Would the farmers of these communities have more money with which to educate their children, install labor-saving devices in the home, or benefit from electricity; and would the social life of the community be more satisfactory for the young people? Most important of all, would you feel, as a working member of a community of this kind, that you and every member of your family were entitled to a full share in a free and responsible democracy, because you had earned it; and that when you, or someone on your behalf, approached a government for something which you and your community could not reasonably secure for yourselves, you were fully justified in doing so?

Idealistic? Of course. Practical? Certainly. Necessary? There's the catch—it depends on what you and your neighbors think. One thing is certain, however; the government, while it can and will render assistance, can't do it for us. It's up to us. As democrats we possess freedom of choice; but, also, we must accept responsibility for what we choose to do.

### Barnyard Strategy



The Squaw.



# MONTHLY COMMENTARY

by UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

## Production, Sale of Wheat Farmers' Most Important Postwar Concern

When the western farmer considers problems of the postwar period the most important question in his mind is with respect to his future opportunities for producing and selling wheat. Great as has been the expansion of western livestock production, and important as are other sources of agricultural income, economic welfare in western Canada must continue to be based largely upon the production of wheat for export and its sale at satisfactory prices. Government assistance can be very important from time to time and the policy of floor prices to which the Government of Canada is now committed, may well prove at times to be extremely valuable. But in the long run western farmers know that under peace conditions they are not going to be able to get much more for their wheat than can be realized from its sale, and they want to be sure of a reasonable price not only for a limited quantity of wheat but of a sufficient quantity so that their land, their labour and their equipment can be used to full advantage.

Provided that the United Nations are successful in maintaining a peaceful world, and one for which a sound economic foundation is assured through international trade on a large scale, there are grounds for hope of satisfactory conditions in the future for western wheat growing. In considering the situation a number of different factors have to be taken into account.

In the first place it is evident that the present situation in wheat cannot continue for an indefinite time. At the moment there is a tremendous need for Canadian wheat and it is flowing in enormous volume to Great Britain and to countries of continental Europe. But only to a very limited extent is it being bought and paid for in the ordinary sense of the word. It is the Government of Canada under the Mutual Aid Plan which at the present time is making it possible for western wheat to reach the countries where it is most needed. For such purposes the Government of Canada has already bought 400 million bushels of western wheat. Three hundred million bushels were obtained as at September 27, 1943, when the wheat market was closed and the government took over all wheat in commercial positions in Canada. That wheat cost the government at the rate of \$1.23½ per bushel for No. 1 Northern at lakehead and Pacific Coast terminals. Early this year, when those stocks were exhausted the government bought another 100 million bushels of wheat from the Canadian Wheat Board at a basic price of \$1.46 per bushel. That stock will soon be exhausted and presumably the government will buy another 100,000,000 bushels or so, bringing its total purchases up to 500 million bushels or more.

The government has recovered some money from the re-sale of certain quantities of such wheat in Canada. Probably also it has recovered some money from wheat which has been sent to Great Britain. The financial arrangements between the governments of Canada and Great Britain are somewhat complicated. Broadly speaking the latter government pays what it can out of funds which it has available in Canada and the Government of Canada sees that it is provided with sufficient additional Canadian dollars to pay not only for wheat but such other Canadian products as are desired.

Wheat going to some countries in continental Europe is supplied by the Canadian government outright on the Mutual Aid Plan. Some considerable quantities of wheat have gone on the same plan to Russia across the Pacific. However it is understood that the governments of France and Belgium have been paying outright for the wheat they have lately obtained, out of Canadian

and American funds which they control. How long their ability to do so will continue is a matter of doubt. The question of negotiating a price for such transactions has not, under prevailing circumstances presented much of a problem. In effect the countries which have been paying for Canadian wheat needed it so badly because they could not obtain supplies elsewhere, that they would have to pay whatever price might be asked. The countries getting wheat under Mutual Aid would not be much concerned with the cost of such wheat to the Canadian Government. But as time goes on and as other sources of supply open up the question of price negotiations between different governments and different governmental agencies will present difficulties. Just now the Canadian export price is really based upon, although a considerable distance below, the current open market prices prevailing in Chicago.

There is a desperate food shortage at the moment in some countries of the world and in respect of some food products more importantly than others; even of wheat, which of all food commodities is in most plentiful supply. There would be no surplus if transportation difficulties could be overcome and full distribution made where it is most needed. There is repeatedly being emphasized the fact which was so much stressed at the International Food Conference at Hot Springs, Virginia, that the world is going to need more food in the future than it has had in the past if an adequate diet is to be made available to the peoples of the world.

From such a general statement it follows that adequate feeding of the world will require continued full production, of which presently existing Canadian farmers are capable. From that fact alone of course there is no assurance of a market for Canadian wheat unless conditions in the International field are such that other countries are both able and willing to buy Canadian wheat and can find means of paying for it. That will require success of international efforts to solve the problem of international currency exchanges, of tariffs and of other trade restrictions.

Conditions in the United States will have an important bearing on the future prospects for Canadian wheat. Should that country find itself with continuing large surpluses of food for export, and should it insist on exporting wheat, it could to an important extent, crowd Canadian producers out of the field. But as the past few years have demonstrated, when industrial conditions in the United States are good and the level of National income is high, food consumption there is at a vastly greater rate, especially of meat and other high cost foods, than is the case under depressed conditions. Of course the same is true in Canada. No imaginable level however, of general prosperity in Canada would result in absorbing the total Canadian agricultural production and the welfare of the Canadian farmers would still depend largely upon the export market. Industrial prosperity in the United States however can well mean that the country as a whole has practically no net food surplus for export.

Of course if the United States should continue producing wheat at the rate of 1,000 million bushels a year as has been the case for the past few years, that would leave them with a heavy wheat surplus for export, once the country discontinues the practice of using great quantities of wheat to produce industrial alcohol required under war conditions. On the other hand if the United States should cut down its wheat production merely to domestic requirements, there would be small likelihood of such temporary gluts of wheat in the world market as have in the past caused distress to Canadian farmers. The United States is not likely deliberately to cut down wheat production in the interests of Canadian producers, but it is recognized there that wheat production on

so large a scale is uneconomic and has been achieved only by sacrificing sound farming principles and at the expense of soil fertility over considerable areas.

Farmers have responded to the special wartime demand for wheat because price relationships made its production more profitable than other lines of farming. The heavy demand for wheat which continued industrial prosperity would ensure, may well result in a price structure which would cause a considerable transfer of productive efforts from wheat to other lines of production.

Wheat production in England has greatly expanded during the war. Farmers there insist that the revived productivity of British agriculture should be maintained and they are getting a good deal of support in other quarters. If British wheat production is maintained at high levels over a period of years, the market for Canadian wheat would be narrow. However, in spite of wartime demonstration that British farms can produce much more food than formerly, present food scarcities there demonstrate that the country will continue to need very large food imports. Canadian farmers will hope that British agricultural policy is directed towards an increase in domestic production of such things as milk, meat, eggs, butter, vegetables and fruit and feed crops instead of wheat. That would seem logical, leaving exports to be largely concentrated in wheat, which of all food products is the most conveniently imported.

A similar principle should quite evidently be applied in the countries of Continental Europe. Food imports are desperately needed there now and if European peoples are to be adequately fed there should be a great increase in home production of food stuffs other than wheat, leaving the way clear for large wheat imports. Throughout all Europe restoration of livestock production is an urgent problem and agricultural policy must be largely directed to that end. To get over the food shortages of the immediate future there will no doubt be a great emphasis on increased production of potatoes.

There is a world-wide shortage of meat at present and there are not, as there were after the last war, large reserves of meat animals in Argentina and Australia. Similarly there is a shortage of feed grains, the supply of which must be greatly increased to support increased livestock production. On that account it is to be hoped that Argentina and the United States will stress production of corn for export rather than that of wheat. Canadian farmers have always known, and farmers in the United States have learned, that wheat can be very satisfactorily used as a livestock food. Elsewhere in the world there is still a widespread prejudice against feeding wheat, from a feeling that human food should not be given to animals. If that prejudice could be overcome, and wheat surpluses when they occur be diverted to livestock feeding, there would be a small likelihood of such surpluses becoming burdensome.

Taking all factors together, while the present urgent demand for Canadian wheat, much of which is a direct consequence of the war, will not continue, there are good reasons to hope for a continued sustained demand for Canadian wheat. That is of course, dependent upon the success of international efforts to maintain peace and conditions leading to general economic prosperity, which cannot too often be emphasized.

## Grain Production In Other Countries

For the second year in succession wheat production in the United States is expected this year to exceed 1,000 million bushels. Winter wheat did remarkably well not only because of good growing conditions but also because loss by winter killing was at almost a record low. A spring wheat crop close to 300

million bushels is hoped for. Authorities estimate that disappearance during the year may be greater than production, causing reserves to be drawn upon. If other grains are available for feeding, the quantity of wheat fed to livestock will be reduced from the figures of the past two years. On the other hand the use of wheat for alcohol may increase considerably because of the scarcity of other grains.

Corn crops in the United States are usually expected to be about three times the size of the wheat crop. This year's outlook for corn, however, is not favorable. The crop had a late and poor start due to wet and cold weather at seeding time.

North African wheat crops have been very bad this year and wheat imports will be required instead of there being the usual surplus from which Spain, France and Italy have been accustomed to supplement their home production.

Drought in Australia was broken in June and fair production is hoped for from approximately 11½ million acres. The long continued drought in Australia had exhausted the wheat and other grain reserves so that imports from Canada have been called for. Growing conditions in Argentina, where wheat stocks are not large, and where acreage is considerably reduced from recent years, have been unfavourable.

## Canadian Wheat Stocks Disappearing

Rapid disappearance of Canadian wheat supplies into consuming channels overseas reported previously on this page has continued unabated. The present rate of disposal combining wheat and flour shipments and domestic milling in Canada is at the rate of 50 million bushels per month, or 600 million bushels for a year. Obviously such a rate, far in excess of annual production, could not continue for any long time. In consequence the long stored surplus of western wheat will soon be a thing of the past.

The year-end carryover calculated at July 31st will be approximately 275 million bushels. The actual effective carryover at the time when new crop wheat becomes available in quantity, is likely to be less than 150 million bushels. Some small part of that is still on western farms, where producers, because of poor crop prospects in some areas, or for income tax reasons elsewhere have chosen to carry it forward. A great part of the rest of it will either be at or in the course of transit to Eastern ports on its way overseas.

Country elevators and annexes will be largely emptied of the stocks long held in storage there, and a great deal of space will be available for handling the new crop direct from the threshing machines.

Before long the question will arise as to whether or not the restrictions announced by the government of wheat deliveries for the current crop year to 14 bushels per authorized acre, will be enforced. Quite evidently there are very large areas in the West where farmers will not have enough wheat from this year's production to fill their quotas, and even with such wheat as has been carried forward will fall far short of completing them. It may well occur that the quantity of wheat which can actually be obtained under the maximum quota set, will fall considerably short of meeting actual demands. If there is, as there may be, a definite shortage of wheat to meet requirements, it can be assumed that the government and the Wheat Board would call for increased deliveries. If, however, there is only a fairly close balance between demand and available supply, a problem will be presented of conflicting interests between two classes of farmers, those who have large crops and those who have

*Continued on page 26*



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### NO TWO COWS MILK ALIKE!

The only mechanical milker which duplicates the action of a baby calf. The only mechanical milker which automatically adjusts its suction to the need of each teat.

The cow herself controls the amount of suction applied to each teat. The easy milking teat is milked with easy suction; the hard milking teat with stronger suction. The maximum vacuum on the teat, however, never exceeds 11 inches.

The MILK-MASTER has proved that it can increase production up to 10% over hand-milking.

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Cut out the coupon below, fill in your name and address clearly, mail it and obtain full information and prices on "Nature's Rival," the Perfection MILK-MASTER.

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Send full information and prices on the Perfection MILK-MASTER.

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## NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of  
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

he piloted a big Lancaster Bomber over Germany and back safely on 37 bombing expeditions. Prior to enlistment in the R.C.A.F. on April 10, 1942, Ray was U.G.G. agent at Hazeldine, Alberta.—*Hazeldine, Alta.*

### Boy Fatally Injured Trying to Save Dog

John Francis (Jack) Dunlop, 12 years old, of Granum, passed away in Claresholm hospital from injuries received when he attempted to save the life of his dog Rover.

Jack was riding his bicycle in front of the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlop, when Rover bounded out of the yard, colliding with the front wheel of the bike. In attempting to swerve to avoid hurting the dog, Jack lost control of the machine, which crashed to the ground with the rider on top. In falling, the boy struck the handlebar, receiving abdominal injuries.

Mrs. Frank Venn, Jack's grandmother, rushed to his assistance, and the boy told her he "was fine," but was afraid he had hurt Rover. The dog escaped injury however, but the injuries to his young master proved fatal.

Jack was born in Granum where he attended public school. He was an altar boy in St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Venn, the grandparents of this boy, with whom he and his parents reside came to the Granum district in 1903, and are among the original shareholders and customers of United Grain Growers Limited.—*Granum, Alta.*

### Awarded D.F.C.

P/O John S. Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lee, of Gunton, has been awarded the D.F.C. P/O Lee enlisted in August, 1942, and went overseas in June, 1943.—*Gunton, Manitoba.*

### A Souvenir of the European War

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cochran, of Kelloe, have received from their son Edward, who is with the Canadian Postal Corps now in Germany, two empty German shells. They measure 11 inches long and 4 inches in diameter and weigh about 10 pounds each. The firing cap screws into the shell and it is over an inch in diameter.—*Kelloe, Man.*

### Discuss War Memorial

Representatives of several societies met in Knox church for the purpose of discussing a suitable war memorial for the Newdale district. Those present were in favor of building a rink with recreation rooms included. It was decided to call a public meeting in the community hall for further suggestions and discussion.—*Newdale, Man.*

### Postwar Projects

The town of Shoal Lake has started quite a program for improving the town and looking after the interests of old and young. One project is to build a new skating rink, also a curling rink, and another project is to build a memorial hall. The first is to be financed by sale of tickets; the latter by municipal aid. These will be built as a postwar program.—*Shoal Lake, Man.*

### Interesting Demonstration

An interesting demonstration was that of the Sino Spray Rig on the North-west corner of Peter Stefani-shyn's farm. Thirty-three autos containing farmers and their wives turned out to see the demonstration. If this spray will kill Mustard and French Weed as it is supposed to, it could be used to good advantage by other farmers.—*Angusville, Man.*

### Binscarth War Casualty

Spr. Wm. J. Cluff, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cluff, who was killed in action April 28, was a former Binscarth boy, known to his friends as "Chuckie." He enlisted in March, 1942, and after training in Canada, was posted overseas in January of this year. He served with the 8th Field Company, Royal Canadian Engineers.—*Binscarth, Man.*

### Canadian Wheat Stocks Disappearing —Continued

small crops this year. The farmer in a poor crop area may feel that deliveries from the more fortunate areas should continue to be restricted until the close of the crop year so that his opportunities for delivery from the 1946 crop may be improved. He may claim that if there are to be delivery quotas with respect to the 1946 crop his uncompleted quota for the 1945 crop should be carried forward. That will present a problem on which so far there has been practically no discussion. If there are to be quota restrictions on farmers' deliveries, should such restrictions be calculated separately for each crop year or should they be equalized, as between different farmers over a period of years? Quite possibly that problem may occasion discussion before the crop year is ended.

### Windstorm Causes Damage

A wind storm that reached cyclonic proportions struck the Medora district recently and destroyed at least five large barns, blew over at least eight windmills and demolished countless other buildings, such as implement sheds, stationary granaries, portable granaries, hen houses and garages. The wind also whipped shingles off some of the older houses. It also killed hundred of poultry, one farmer losing 110 young chicks.

The wind was accompanied by a hailstorm which took a heavy toll of the crop. The damage to the crop can hardly be estimated as yet. Property damage will probably amount to \$20,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cain had an exciting experience when their cook-house on wheels started moving in the wind. Mrs. Cain suffered a sprained ankle. Their bunk-house also started rolling with the occupants still in it. The bunk-house was destroyed but the boys inside escaped injury except for bruises and shock. A very lucky break.

The Red Cross Sports Day drew a good crowd and a splendid time was had by all. Races, games and dancing provided the enjoyment and the proceeds from these (and refreshments) amounted to \$169.41.—*Medora, Man.*

### Memories of Dieppe

Capt. Austin G. Stanton, who prior to enlistment was U.G.G. Ltd. elevator agent at Lavoy, has returned after spending 33 months and 10 days in German prison camps.

Adjutant of the Calgary Tank Corps, Capt. Stanton landed with his unit on the beaches of Dieppe on that unforgettable day in August, 1942, when the Canadians proved that the vaunted west wall defences were not unbreachable. The penetration was deep, and his tank squadron returning, found the landing craft in which they hoped to return to Britain, had been knocked out. They were forced to surrender. Liberated by Gen. Patton's U.S. 3rd Army from a prisoner-of-war camp at Eichstaedt, Bavaria, on April 29, 1945, they were flown to Britain by transport plane and brought home on the H.M.C.S. Destroyer Huron.

Thus ends for Austin Stanton a simple enough little story but one that set up reverberations that shook the universe; for in that small but heroic expedition into enemy defences at Dieppe, were learned lessons that helped to make the June, 1944, invasion of Europe, so completely successful.—*Lavoy, Alta.*

### Returns After Thirty-seven Bombing Expeditions

F/O Ray Crowther, U.G.G. agent, has returned from the war. Ray looks very fit and well. Ray is back home after completing a tour of operations in which





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**THE MIRACLE WARTIME INSECTICIDE**

**CERTAIN  
DEATH  
to FLIES,  
MOSQUITOES  
AND OTHER  
PESTS  
IN BARN**

**YOU'VE** heard about it... read about it... now it is here. DDT, the miraculous new wartime insecticide—now available to rid your Barns, Dairies and Stables of Flies, Mosquitoes and other pests.

**The War-proven Insecticide**—DDT is one of the most amazing discoveries of this war. This is the product that cleaned out the Malaria-carrying mosquitoes which, at one time, were killing more men than Jap bullets in the Pacific. In Europe it has saved thousands of lives from typhus and other insect-borne diseases.

Today DDT squads go ahead of all advancing troops while low-flying aircraft spray whole islands prior to invasion. Men dust their clothes with DDT to keep free of lice... spray their tents to sleep in comfort and safety. Because of its vital importance, up to now the entire output of DDT has been requisitioned for war purposes.

**First Civilian Supplies**—Now comes the good news. Experimental stations have proved that animals develop faster and produce more when free from flies, mosquitoes and other pests. Because of the urgency to increase Canadian supplies of meat, milk and other food products, a limited supply of this precious DDT has been specially released for the manufacture of Barn Spray. Thus Canadian farmers will be the first civilians in North America to reap the benefits of this war-proven insecticide.

**Amazing Effectiveness of DDT**—DDT does not simply stun flies and mosquitoes... it KILLS them. While its action may be slower it is unfailing. Any fly or insect which so much

as lights on a surface sprayed with DDT meets **CERTAIN DEATH**. Tests show that this deadly effectiveness remains for weeks and often months after application. Because it is the *most lasting* insecticide known, two sprayings a year are usually sufficient.

**Surprisingly Economical and Safe**—One gallon of "Green Cross" DDT Barn Spray is sufficient to cover 1600 square feet and it can be applied by any type of sprayer or brush. Used according to the directions on the can and for the purposes recommended, DDT Barn Spray may be employed without any fear of danger to men or animals.

**Present Supplies Limited**—Until the requirements of the armed forces have been fully met, civilian supplies of DDT will be strictly limited. If your dealer cannot immediately supply all you need, please be patient. He will fill your order as early as possible. To be sure of supplies, place your order now for this year and next year's requirements and accept delivery as available.

**Where to Buy Your DDT**—"Green Cross" Barn Spray is a product of Green Cross Insecticides and distributed by:

**The Canada Paint Company Limited  
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(Issued under the authority of the Emergency Shelter Regulations, Order-in-Council P.C. 9439, December 19, 1944).

**THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD**

S-6N

## SUNSHINE AND THE DEVIL

*Continued from page 7*

So there you are. Once more, I had received a lesson on the folly of generalizing on the strength of a common name given a fairly large area. The Okanagan Valley is a suitable enough name for a fairly large territory, but it should be thought of as including at least four more or less distinct agricultural districts.

In other years—perhaps more normal years—the lower Valley is hot and dry. The high and comparatively bare-looking hills that cradle its several lakes, invite the sun also; and only irrigation makes it commercially habitable for marketable farm crops. To a layman it is one of the wonders of nature that there should be, within so few miles of each other, high mountain peaks covered with snow, and valley bottoms so dry and parched for water as to be insensible to the needs of ordinary plant growth. Under these latter conditions, water is the magic solvent which, once generously applied to the baked and scorched soil particles, dissolves and releases the pent-up stores of plant food and transforms desert-like conditions into those of an oasis.

**B**UT the Okanagan Valley in 1944, in June, was not hot and dry. The still waters of its lakes mirrored the varying shades of green along the tree-bordered shores. Viewed at a happy angle from the westward moving sun, the deepening shadows of the hills and their verdant covering were finely etched on the silent surface of the blue-green water. Progress through the Valley along the winding road of the west shore, was like a motion picture in technicolor, with each turn among many, presenting a new view of the Valley, a new light on the water, or a new vista down some hitherto unseen cleft in the hills, leading perhaps to some far-distant, snow-capped peak. Orchards popped into view unexpectedly, nestling along the lower levels and, as often as not, basking on the downward slope between us and the lake. Like a slow-moving fluid substance, they seemed to penetrate into every favorable location and sunny slope or valley, as fast as the magic water unlocked the riches of the soil, upon which alone they are able to feed.

Coming to it, as I did, with my mind unspoiled by familiarity with the topography of the Valley, it was occasionally a little awesome to wind around and about some tall, gaunt, rocky hill casting its deep shadows across the roadway and the Valley and then emerge into an outcropping of orchards and watch the glistening, ripening cherries peeping from the rich green of the leaves, their reddening cheeks shining with the sun and puffing with richness from the watered soil beneath. Northward, as the Valley broadened and the character of crops and farming changed, the hills seemed flatter, the slopes less abrupt and

the walls of the Valley less efficient as protection against the outside world. Houses and farmsteads, instead of lying hidden among trees and orchards, or kept from view by twists in the road and intervening hills, dotted the green slopes freely.

As I think back over my first visit to the Okanagan Valley, it comes to me again with regret that life seems too short and time so valuable. One should be able to go back, at will, to the scene of a memorable experience and either verify one's first impressions, or enjoy the fun of laughing at the illusions and tricks of eye and memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**O gain entrance to British Columbia and its valleys from the east, however, one must first cross a huge mountain barrier. The great hills and peaks of the Rockies, strewn lengthwise of the continent by a mighty hand eons ago, are an awesome and magnificent sight. In fine weather, a trip through the Rockies offers a memorable experience. Nowhere that one looks is the view quite like any other. The shrouded valleys, kissed here and there by the sun, are in sharp, cool contrast to the bright peaks of the high mountains about, capped in some cases by snow dancing on their upper regions. These giant monuments to the power of creation have their own colors, dark colors, often of sombre hue. The sight is at all times impressive and one of greatness and grandeur. But the silent mountains are not always bathed in delightful sunlight. Sometimes they are forbidding and oppressive. Ten days before my delightful experience in the Okanagan Valley, I passed through the Rocky Mountains on the way to Vancouver and Victoria. As we reached the foothills from Calgary it began to rain—not heavily, but with a persistence that I was only able to appreciate by the end of the day. I rode into the rain innocently, remembering previous experiences of rain in the mountains, when it came down gently and softly to enrich the green of the trees and to soften the sometimes harsh nature of mountain scenery. Rain, under such circumstances, can add solemnity to grandeur.

**I**T was not so in this instance. An indelible impression was created on my mind by the appearance of huge masses of great grey clouds slinking down the sides of the mountains and completely submerging in their slimy depths the majesty of the hills that I remembered so well, from previous trips, as towering high into the heavens and sporting with the sun as it beat upon their snow-clad peaks. I recalled wistfully Shakespeare's inimitable couplet,

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen

Flatter the mountain top with sovereign eye,"

and I recoiled from the sight of these huge, stately monuments to the geological history of the world being smeared and strangled with long, dank fingers of evil-looking and slimy, cloud-like matter. These seemed for hours and hours to leer and sneer at me, as my train wound slowly along the path and twisted



The stately grandeur of the Rocky Mountains is sometimes hidden by grey masses of slimy-looking clouds which clutch their sides and obscure their tall peaks.



its painful way about the base of the tortured hills. Safe in their inaccessible height and protected by their very sliminess from anything my puny strength, or will, could do, they hung and slunk along the sides of the valley, as if to hide even the very thought of goodness.

I thought of the Old Man of the Sea and pitied the great hills under their oppressive burden. I thought of a Devil's Holiday, and it was as if I were seeing the fiends of hell, wallowing in the refuse of heaven and endeavoring to alleviate the everlasting torture of mind and twisted thought. As I watched one nearby-by peak thrust itself free of a slithering remnant of its evil bonds, and saw this grey ghost slink among the crevasses and eventually disappear into the void, I thought of the Serpent and of Eve. I thought of The Evil Eye, cold, vigilant and malevolent.

It seemed to me that these reptilian shapes were alive and mocking me; and that they were trying to hold me with the fascination of a snake for a helpless bird. As I sat in the observation car, or ate my meals in the diner, safe in the company of impervious porters or white-clad waiters, or as I worked in desperation at my seat in the sleeping car, they seemed to peer and leer at me through the windows, and point their dripping fingers at me in derision.

It didn't seem to me that I was experiencing weather. Rather, it seemed like a visitation of evil—evil of the sort that lurks in the shadows, leaving its foul breath in vague and murky surroundings and shunning the light. The clouds that hid the mountain-tops and covered the sky with sombre shroud of dreary, sodden grey seemed not to be manifestations of natural laws, but unlovely garments of unwholesome bodies. They were, as it seemed, the spirit and soul of evil, solemnly biding its time until the hate within it for all things

good and beautiful could enable it to burst its bonds and engulf the world and me.

I HAD experienced rain in the mountains that did not arouse in me these unpleasant reflections, but such rains as these, with their inhospitable apparitions and snaky, grey emanations, made me more than glad to emerge into wider spaces not inhabited by such spectres. I was, fortunately, soon to reach Victoria, sun-rich and glad with bright June days. There, beauty reigned unchallenged, and I still remember with pleasure an after-dinner walk about the spacious and lovely grounds of the Empress Hotel. Bay trees were in bloom everywhere; and the holly trees, with the ivy-covered walls of the large structure, gave the place an old-world atmosphere of stability and permanence. The broad lawns of rich, green grass lay quietly in the late sunlight, guarded by tall trees like silent sentinels against the noisy world outside. The rambler roses were scattering their spent petals negligently among the arbors and along the grassy walks. The massive rock garden was swathed in beauty; and the lily pool is fixed in memory by the discovery of several ambitious catfish attempting diligently to climb upon the large leaves of the lilies, in search of catfish delicacies to be found on their exposed surfaces.

And so, I know that if again I try to pass the great barrier of the Rockies (as indeed I hope to do this summer), and if the storm gods play then upon the mountain tops and oppress me by their antics, there will be valleys on the other side, bathed in sunlight; growing crops encouraged by an abundant moisture—a promise of the harvest; and there will be people who live surrounded by a beauteous countryside, conditioned by Nature in one of her most generous moods.

## LONG WAY ROUND

Continued from page 6

Elly wanted to go to her, to put her arms around her and press her cheek against Martha's cheek. But she knew she must not. "You have your home, Martha. To live in yourself—and to keep for Gary. You have your memories. And your knowledge. And your skill."

Martha said, "I've got the place to stay in till he comes back. If he does come back. We planned to sell before he went. He hates it as much as I do. We planned to move somewhere where people can be comfortable and happy and go to church Sundays and hear music and fine friends—"

"Oh, Martha! You're lonely! And the neighbors have always thought you—" Elly's voice stopped abruptly.

Martha said coldly, "I want nothing of anybody who lives in the valley. You can take my word for that. I come here a bride from over the mountain almost thirty years ago. Nobody ever bothered themselves to try to make me feel at home, neither my husband's folks nor any of the neighbors—"

"That was because of your mother-in-law, Martha," Elly cried. "I've heard Mother say they never felt welcome when she was alive. You have to admit she was an old battle-ax."

Martha stood up, her face disapproving.

"If she was," Martha said, "I don't doubt it was the valley done it to her. Same as it has to me. There's nothing but slavery here, drudgery and backbite. Since I had the telephone put in I hear the talk over that and what ain't foolish is vicious. I'm thankful I don't have much to do with anybody. All I want is to get away from here. That's all I'm living for."

Then Elly went to her. But not too near. She stood as tall as she could and spoke very quietly.

"That isn't what Gary's living for!" she said.

"Gary!" Martha Anderson almost screamed. It was more than she could bear. "Who are you to talk about Gary? What do you know about him, compared to what I know? All you did was lead him on. Then you walked off and made

a fool of him, without even promising that you'd ever come back!"

"I couldn't promise," Elly whispered. "I didn't know."

MARTHA poured out in bitter words the feelings three hard years had stored in her against the girl who'd left her son. Years when Gary was left to work the farm alone, to harvest without help, to try to ease his father's mind when he was sick and finally, when winter came, to see his father die.

"It was just about that time," Martha said harshly, "that every hope he had, every dream, all his faith was fixed on you. But did that mean anything to you? No, you wanted to go off chasing rainbows and you went. It was a cruel thing you did to Gary. And there was nobody to help him then but me. I tried, Lord knows, but it was no use. He had to suffer and I suffered with him. And I hated you because you'd done it to him. You went off but I stuck by!"

There was more, much more. Martha's voice went on, telling Elly that after that, all Gary wanted was to leave the valley; that together they planned how it could be. With some of his father's insurance money he left for college and had a year there until he left again, this time for war.

"Whatever you did then," Martha continued, "or whatever you do now doesn't matter. Neither to me nor to Gary. Only don't come around trying to tell me what he's living for. It's no thanks to you that he's living at all."

"I know, Martha," Elly whispered. "It's true, what you say, every word. If only you could understand that I couldn't help it!"

"It's no matter now," Martha repeated.

She felt spent, worn out with all she had been driven to put into words. She left Elly and went heavily into the kitchen.

For a few minutes Elly stood motionless. When she finally followed Martha, she looked older. There was something drawn about her face. Her blue eyes were wide and serious. She said, to Martha's turned back:

"Please listen just a minute. I know I gave you reason to feel just as you do. I didn't do anything for Gary at the time you were doing so much. But there is something I can do for him now. Please let me, Martha."



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"Why?" Martha asked without turning. "Even granting there is, why should you want to? Gary is nothing to you."

"But you are, Martha. Whether you believe it or not, I've loved you all my life. You were so strong. I wanted to grow up to be like you. Now I've come home again, I want us to be friends, Martha, the way we used to be. I'll need you to help me and I want to help you, if I can. And maybe helping you will also be helping Gary the best way I can. Please let me, Martha."

HER voice broke for the first time childishly. It brought back to Martha, with a pang, the little daughter she had lost so long ago. She turned, standing with her hands on the edge of the sink. Her eyes were lowered to hide the pain memory had brought to them.

"There, talk," she said, "If you're a mind to. I've said my piece. But why should you know my own son better than I do?"

"Because I've been away, like Gary, and you haven't. I know how much anybody can want to leave home when he's unhappy there. But now I know that when you're lonely, or afraid, you find how much home means to you—how safe and precious it seems. It's where you keep your memories and it's all that gets you through the bad places . . ."

"Maybe you know better than I do, Martha, whether Gary will want to sell this farm when he gets back. He'll be a different person in lots of ways by then. But now he needs to feel there is one place in the world which belongs to him and always will as long as he wants it. Gary isn't thinking now of what he suf-

fered here, Martha. He's thinking of the hours he was happy. He isn't hating his father for the wood he made him split; he's loving him for the lowry days when they went fishing together. He isn't even hating me for going away. If he thinks of me at all he thinks of us on the hill with our sleds, or popping corn in the kitchen. However he felt when he went away, he loves this place now, and you and the people here. They're all he has."

When Elly stopped speaking, Martha waited a moment for her to go on. Then, in the silence, she half turned, took a cloth from a nail and rubbed it mechanically back and forth on the dry shining iron of the sink.

"Well," she said at last, "I s'pose that could be so. But if 'tis, what can I do about it?"

"Oh, Martha dear!"

Hope ran again, bright as a trickle of spring water, into Elly's voice.

"Martha dear—try to feel what he's feeling! But if that's too hard, don't let him know you don't feel the way he does. Don't remind him of what he wants to forget. Don't undermine his faith—the faith he has built up because he had to—that home is good and that everything here is all right. Tell him that when he comes back he'll find it's been worth fighting for—and living for!"

"Those last months in Washington I was wretched. I didn't think anything was worth while. I had letters from Mother and Daddy, telling me how they wished they could come where I was, because there was nothing to keep them here. That's why I had to come back to try to save what I loved and needed. If anything should make Gary feel as I did, there's nothing he can do. He can't save his heritage. Nobody can—but you!"

Then suddenly she moved really close. "Martha," she whispered. "It's a big job that only you can swing!"

Without her willing it, Martha Anderson's tough cheek touched the bright head for an instant. Then she drew away.

"There, go along," she said. "I'll think this over. I've never been one to shirk that I know of. Now put your boots out of my kitchen while I get this bread in to bake before it falls all over itself. Cut 'long about your business and let me be, for goodness' sake. It's 'most noontime."

Elly laughed.

"I'm going. The same old Martha! You've driven me out of here a thousand times. But I always come right back. I'll be back for a slice of that bread with some of your butter on it."

"I buy my butter now of Hat Fernald. She leaves it in my mailbox every week when she goes to market."

"Hattie Fernald's butter isn't half as good as yours. She puts in too much salt."

"I know she does. And uses colorin' too if I don't miss my guess."

"You're foolish not to make your own." "Cream ain't heavy on milk from an empty barn."

"Why don't you keep cows? I'm going to."

"Cows don't do well with nothing to eat."

"You're foolish to sell your hay. I'm not going to."

"You're going to do great shakes. I don't doubt. But you won't do it with your tongue. You can talk after you've tried your hand."

Elly was smiling again. "You're rude and hateful, Martha Anderson," she said. "But I love you just the same, and always did."

The door closed and it was as if the sun had dropped behind the mountain.

Martha stood very still until there was no sound of footsteps in the yard. But even then she did not go to attend to her baking. She went instead into the sitting-room and took up the letter she had been writing.

" . . . I haven't had one word from you in five weeks. I can't think where about the world you can be going that you wouldn't have landed somewhere by now, long enough to send a cable anyway. I worry so I can't sleep and can't think of a thing I want to eat. The only way I can stand staying on here the way I am is thinking of that little apartment we'll have somewhere some day. I've planned how everything I'll want to take will go into a trunk. The rest can be put

right up to auction. Nobody could understand how you and I feel about this place unless they knew what we'd been through on it and that nobody knows but us. . . . There's no news to speak of. Nothing happens here and I never see anybody but sometimes Hat Fernald when she leaves the butter. She said yesterday Ellen Drew was home. I don't know for how long. I think likely she wants to show off what folks is wearing in Washington, but I don't know who there is to care, only her parents, and they're welcome to all the comfort they'll ever get out of one like her . . ."

She tore the thin sheet slowly into long narrow strips and dropped them into the stove.

THE next week when Hattie Fernald drove by the lane to Andersons' and blew her horn to let Martha know the butter had come she was surprised to see all the upstairs windows open in the east end. She was still more surprised when Martha put her head out of one of the windows and waved a dustcloth. Martha wasn't noted for friendly gestures.

"Nice morning," called Martha briskly. "Guess spring's coming!"

"Well, I s'pose so," Hattie shouted. "But 'tain't here yet. For the Lord's sake, what are you doing up in the top of that house, Martha? You'll get your death! Don't tell me you've started cleaning this early!"

"I'm always cleaning," Martha said proudly. "I never did wait much on the time of year. I was up here Sunday hunting for some old snapshots I thought Gary might like to have, and it come over me I couldn't stand it to leave his room in the condition 'twas. So I aired it all day yesterday and today I'm cleaning. There'll be enough else to do by and by."

"There's always enough to do," Hattie agreed, "if you look for it. Heard from Gary yet?"

"He sent me a cable," Martha answered. She knew well enough that Hat Fernald had heard it read over the telephone but she added, "He ain't got where he's goin' yet. But he was on some island and said ground felt pretty good underneath his feet. Said it was awful hot."

"Imagine!" said Hattie shaking her head. "Maybe he's headed for Australia!"

"I only hope it's no worse place," said Martha grimly. "Not one of them feverish Godforsaken little islands!"

"Well, wherever 'tis, I don't doubt them old snapshots will be like a visit home. Anything you want in the village, Martha?"

"I guess not. Not today. Thanks just the same," Martha answered, giving her cloth a final shake. What's come over me, she thought. I near talked Hat's ear off.

THAT night as Martha sat at her desk with shades drawn to the sills, the telephone rang. She raised her head to count. It was Lees' number; might be they were hearing from Bob, something that would interest Gary. She did not need to move to take down the receiver. That was handy. Used to be folks had to stand up to the wall in some cold corner and get cricks in their necks, either stretching or bending.

It wasn't Bob. It was just Hat Fernald calling Mildred. They started in about something Hat had read in the paper and went on to what Mildred had cooked for supper.

"I'm tired to death," Mildred said. "I know well enough it's this waiting for the mailman that's got me down. Seems as though he's no sooner gone that I start waiting for him again."

"I guess that's the way it is," Hattie said, "for a lot of folks around. Think of it. Not one young man left in the neighborhood. Must be dull for Elly Drew."

"There, Hat, I know it. I said the same."

"Have you seen her yet?"

"I see her out around the yard every day Wearing pants. They say she's learning to milk."

"Did you ever! Well, somebody has to wear the pants!"

They both laughed.

"I wonder if she's been to Andersons'."

"I don't know," Mildred said. Then,



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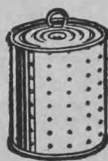
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after a brief pregnant silence, "I heard so."

"You did? Well there! I didn't suppose she'd dare to. Martha never would forgive Elly's going off to school the way she did, instead of getting engaged to Gary. Lucy Drew told me Gary was always pleasant-spoken enough but when Martha was with him she looked right through Lucy as if she was a bush."

"Seen Martha lately?"

"Yes, I stopped to leave butter today and I guessed something had happened. You wouldn't know Martha. Usually the house is like a tomb there when I stop. Today she was real chatty. For Martha

Anderson it was well-nigh an explosion. Wonder what blew the lid off? Suppose Elly Drew would venture over there, now she's home? She must know Martha'd never forgive what she did to Gary. Martha seemed to take it harder even than Gary did, I heard. But Elly always was pretty spunky and she always could wind Martha right around her little finger for all Martha talked stiff as a poker. But I shouldn't s'pose she'd let Elly step foot on her land now, even if Elly tried. Still, something's happened to change the air! I'd give a good deal to know—Martha was upstairs starting her spring cleaning, I'll have you know."

"Oh my soul and body! This early?"

"She says 'tain't too early for her. Says she cleans all the time. I guess she does too."

"I don't doubt that. We're like to call ones like her p'ison neat, but mebbe we're just plain jealous."

"She spoke of that cable from Gary."

"She did?" Mildred did not ask what was in it. She knew, well enough.

"Yes, she was real talkative, for her. Said it was Gary's room she was cleaning."

"There, I don't doubt it's a comfort to her to be up there. I know I love to handle over Bob's things. Makes me cry, but it eases me."

"She said she'd sent Gary some old snapshots. Seemed like a good idea."

"Well, 'tis. I don't know why I never thought of it. Know what I sent him today? A bag of corn to pop! I don't know what he'll find to pop it in, but I'll bet he'll contrive something. He's awful handy—"

Martha Anderson put up the receiver softly and sat looking at what she had written.

"Been a nice bright day. Spring's just over the mountain. I aired out good upstairs and I've been cleaning your room. You would have laughed to see me trying to oil your rifle. I made it shine though. When I took down the shades I thought of how you always want them clear to the rolls when you go to sleep so you can see the sky in the morning. It was still pink when I started to work up there; real pink and pretty. . . ."

"I've got in mind to dig out the old henhouse and have me some chickens. I don't know but I'll see what I can buy for a cow too. Think I'm foolish? It would kind of be company for me and I am getting pretty tired of salty butter."

Now Martha dipped her pen and added:

"One thing I am going to send you is a package of corn to pop. I don't know what you'll pop it in, but you can rig up something. . . ."

Martha bought the first broody hen Elly could spare and a setting of eggs from Hattie Fernald. She telephoned a dairyman who had advertised in the paper that he was cutting down his herd for lack of help, and told him to bring up the best cow he had. When he brought one she said, "If that's the best one you have, no wonder you're selling out." The next one he brought was a good one, mostly Jersey, two years old and a new-milker.

Elly came over to admire her one day late in April, where she stood in her clean stall.

"The hay's too old," said Martha. "It's tough. But maybe it's good as she's used to."

"It's almost time to turn her out," Elly said rubbing around the young horns. "Your pasture is green as St. Patrick's Day ribbons. I noticed as I came over the hill."

"Yes," Martha snapped. "And I've got to look to my fences!"

"Oh, Martha! I never thought of that! You can't do fencing. There must be somebody—"

"Well, there isn't. But prob'ly there won't be more to do than string wire. When Steve Anderson set fence posts he didn't use bean poles!"

"That's right. He didn't. . . . What are you going to name her, Martha?"

"Why should I name her? Can't very well get her mixed up!"

"But everything that comes and goes needs a name. Name her Goldie, Martha. You always had a Goldie."

"All right. She's another Goldie."

WHEN Martha looked to Goldie's fences, Elly was there in thick white gloves to unroll the wire and hold it in

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## THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

# FARMERS' BULLETIN

### ALL COMMERCIAL SLAUGHTERING NOW UNDER PERMIT CONTROL

As the first step in the re-imposition of meat rationing, all slaughtering of livestock in Canada was placed under permit control on July 9, 1945, except in the case of farmers who slaughter for their own or their farmer neighbor's use. All commercial slaughterers of cattle, calves, sheep, lamb or hogs must now have a Wartime Prices and Trade Board slaughter permit to carry on business. Applications should be made to the nearest Board office.

With one important exception, the regulations governing farm slaughtering are the same as when meat rationing was in effect previously. Under the new order, any excess of meat over the farmer's or his neighbor's needs may be sold only to the holder of a regular slaughter permit.

The minimum amount which a farmer may sell to such a permit holder is one quarter of beef and half a hog carcass. Sheep, lamb or calves slaughtered by the farmer for his own or his neighbor's use may not be sold into the meat trade.

Any farmer who regularly slaughters cattle, calves, sheep, lamb or hogs for the meat trade requires a regular slaughter permit and must stamp all carcasses with his permit number and the number indicating the quality.

Holders of slaughter permits who purchase beef or pork from farmer slaughterers not holding permits must stamp the meat in the regular manner and must submit a record of all such purchases in their returns.

### MEAT IN COLD STORAGE LOCKERS

When meat rationing goes into effect, all persons holding meat in cold storage lockers will be required to surrender coupons.

### PREMIUM FOR SPRING LAMB

The wholesale and retail price ceilings for spring lamb have been extended to August 31 for the 1945 lamb crop. This action has been taken to discourage the slaughtering of unfinished lamb and will increase the volume of meat by allowing time for growing and maturing. Under earlier schedules the higher price ceiling for lamb ended on July 15.

### NEW POTATO PRICES

First seasonal reduction from the producer ceiling price for new potatoes came into effect July 22 with further seasonal adjustments on July 28. Shippers' maximum prices are based on ceilings set for Harrow, Ontario, and Vancouver, B.C., plus transportation costs not to exceed 40c per 100 lbs. Growers' ceilings for the various price periods are \$3.75 per cwt. up to July 21; \$3.50 from July 22 to July 28; \$3.25 from July 29 to August 11; \$3.00 from August 12 to August 31.

### SUGAR FOR CANNING

Ten preserves coupons P4-P13 became valid July 19 for purchase of sugar for canning. Each coupon is good for the purchase of ½ pound of sugar so that an additional five pounds of sugar for canning can now be obtained. Two preserves coupons became good on March 15 for sugar for canning. On May 17 eight preserves coupons were declared valid for the purchase of sugar for canning, each of these coupons worth ½ pound. With the ten coupons valid on July 19, twenty coupons have been made available for the purchase of ten pounds of sugar for canning. This is in addition to the regular preserves coupons two of which become valid each month and the regular sugar allotment through the sugar coupons. The twenty coupons for sugar for canning still remain valid until declared invalid and plenty of notice will be given before such action is taken.

### HARVEST HELP RATIONS

Farm workers employed for more than two weeks should provide their own ration books. If help is hired for less than two weeks special ration coupons for the men's meals may be obtained from the Local Ration Board. The applicants must list the number of extra men employed, complete details of the work and the number of days the men will be hired.

For further details of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

place while Martha drove the staples. Elly rode into the Anderson yard on the tractor the next day with a dump cart on behind full of dressing.

Martha thought incredulously, I declare, if she don't mean business!

But when Elly came again on the tractor, bringing her father to hold the plow, Martha tried to make a stand.

She called from the doorway, "Now look here. You're doing too much. You've got no call. I appreciate your thinking of it, but I was never one to like to be beholden. If there was any way I could pay you back—"

"You can," Elly promised. "Don't think I won't be calling on you! There's so much I don't know. For one thing, all the green stuff I raise has to be canned and I was going to ask you to help me."

"Well, when there's anything around here to can, I'll can till the cows come home," Martha said, suddenly and oddly excited. "My cellar is full of jars and covers and canners and dippers. And there's nothing I'd rather do!"

"Then that's settled," Elly said. "I'll be here every evening I can spare all summer, bringing produce by the bushel, and I'll stay to help you. Daddy, isn't it wonderful?"

Phil Drew came up to Martha's doorstep, taking off his hat and pushing back a stray graying lock.

"There's another thing we thought of speaking to you about, Martha," he said. "Would you have any objection to our plowing enough here to put in a good piece of potatoes Elly's set her heart on raising? You know I've let all my low land grow up; it wasn't really fit for anything, anyway, but hay. So I told Elly that garden stuff and maybe potatoes for ourselves was all we'd have room for over home, if we had to allow for feed too."

Martha said, "Why, sure. Plow all you want to. Raise all you can. I take it as a favor. It's what the land needs. Only seems it'd be more sensible to raise most of your vegetables here, handy for the canning."

"Well now, you're right," Phil said, pleased. She saw the same light in his eyes that was in Elly's when she was happy. It was sad to think that a man who needed so little to comfort and strengthen him had been obliged to get along with less all these years.

"Elly," he questioned, "you hear?" "I hear," Elly nodded blissfully from her high seat. "This must be what they mean by co-operative farming, Daddy. The ideal! Come on—let's go!" She drove the tractor off past the barn, making a fine rumble and clatter.

That day for the first time since Gary had left the farm, Martha saw the sod of her fields turned under in long rich even rows of curving earth.

MARTHA wrote often to Gary about the Plymouth Rocks and the Rhode Island Reds, about Goldie and the fence, about the vegetable garden and the potatoes she planted, about the morning-glories growing up strings under the window and the sweet-pea vines climbing the barnyard wall. She took pictures of them all to send him, even of the milk pails hung in the sunshine on the shed door. But she did not mention Elly.

She wrote she was surprised at how much she had been able to get done, once she had made up her mind to see what she could do without a man in the house. She wrote that Phil Drew had plowed for her in exchange for a good piece of high ground to do some of his planting on. She wrote that she had never realized before how goodhearted the neighbors would be if anybody gave them half a chance.

"Hat Fernald came over the other night," Martha wrote. "She said she always thought you was about the nicest boy that ever grew up in the valley and Bob would have liked to get you to go places with him but he didn't know as you would want to, you always seemed so serious-minded. I told her that was because you took so much responsibility here. I told her I knew you would be pleased enough to hear from all the neighbors. She said she was relieved to know you're in such a safe place. They don't know where Bob is right now; he's overseas too..."

But she did not write anything about Elly because she did not think Gary would want to hear it. She knew that

the last time he was home on leave he had not seemed to want to discuss her. If Elly came into his mind at all—as of course she did—he must picture her as the playmate and schoolmate she had been; not as the pretty girl who shook back her hair and ran away from him in spite of his doing and saying everything he could to keep her, and certainly not as the gay sweet capable young woman who was back here now, lighting up the whole valley, working and being happy right where he had so wanted her to be but where she had not chosen to be while he was there.

Still it was hard to leave Elly out when she was so much a part of everything Martha did and planned and thought about.

PHIL came over often while he was getting the ground ready but it was Elly who planted most of the vegetables with Martha helping her. Elly looked like a boy in her dark blue jeans and faded blue shirt open at the neck. Martha, in a serviceable grey house dress and big pink apron, had her skirts pinned up and a big old hat of coarse straw protecting her head from the sun. Elly came in at noontime to help set out a lunch and soon was as handy about the house as if it were her own. She exclaimed over the food, and ran to get the mail, and listened with great interest and friendliness to Gary's letters when they came. And often, when there was no new one, Elly asked Martha to read over the old ones...

The time soon came for them to start canning and Elly was at Martha's, as regular as clockwork, every afternoon. She picked and washed and peeled and cut as tirelessly as Martha herself.

"I wouldn't have believed it," she kept saying. "It's such fun! And it makes you feel as though you'd accomplished a great deal."

Evenings while the last cannerful steamed in the hot little kitchen, Martha and Elly sat in the parlor in the cool northwest corner of the house. Martha was surprised at how natural it seemed now to sit in this room which once had been kept apart for funerals or for weddings if ever there should be one, though there never had been.

Elly had brought over a little white radio she bought in Washington. It looked cool and nice on the marble-topped table. They fell into the habit of planning ahead to hear various programs. Martha had not realized music could come so clear and true over the air. She did love good music, she told Elly one night. She could lie back against it and it buoyed her right up, like the waves of the sea. What she had missed most when the valley church closed was the organ and the singing. However tired she had been she seldom missed a Sunday service.

Elly said, "That church ought not to be closed."

"I know it hadn't," Martha answered. "Let's open it," Elly suggested.

That was Elly. No sooner said than done.

WHEN the valley women had their canning done, Elly brought them all together, to dig and scrub in the old church. They said it had been let go too long, it could never be decent again. But they all came and brought their brooms and mops and pails and soap and lunch and had a great day of cleaning it.

"There!" Elly sighed as she and Martha backed out of the doors on their hands and knees and met on the steps.



PORKY: "I love that song!"



They had stayed to put a last polish on the entry floor after everyone else had trudged off to get supper for hungry menfolk. "Isn't that beautiful? Isn't this wonderful, Martha? Aren't you dead tired? Aren't you happy? Now we'll have a harvest supper and earn money to buy paint and whitewash. And then we'll find a village minister to hold services afternoons. Mother can play the organ, or when she can't, I can, and Vic Lee will let us have wood to heat up with, I guess, and maybe Daddy will haul it for us, or if he can't, I can. We'll have a Christmas concert and a tree for the children, and the most beautiful Easter service—"

"Oh yes, we can do all these great things," snapped Martha, "if you'll do it all. About then the rest will start finding fault with the way you've done it. I've been through it."

Elly laughed, turning her young face up to the darkening sky where the first star hung.

"Oh, Martha Anderson," she said, "you've been through too much. You know too much. I don't know it. And I don't believe it. So it isn't so."

"Wait and see," Martha wanted to say, but she didn't. She kept quiet until she could answer almost cheerfully, in spite of the cramp in her knees, "Well, I hope you're right."

"The world is changing," said Elly. "It's different from what it used to be. People know now we need one another. We have to hang together. The valley had been waiting for somebody to start. Look at the help we had today!"

"Yes," Martha admitted. "Yes, I will say everything went off fine today."

"It's going to do us all so much good," said Elly. "Hasn't it done you good, Martha? Confess!"

"It's either cured me or killed me," Martha groaned, floundering about in the twilight, trying to get to her feet.

Elly laughed again and came to help her up. Then she hugged her well as she often had that summer. Over the months Martha had ceased to stiffen, though she could not yet take Elly's affection as a matter of course, and was not sure she wanted to. Perhaps it was just Elly's way; perhaps it did not really mean anything; but still she was beginning to think it did.

THE harvest supper was a great success. Village people saved gasoline to come out, saying they had heard what wonderful cooks valley women were. The kitchen was busy and lively with women who knew they could add to this reputation; the ovens were full of bean-pots, platters heaped with home-cured ham, counters crowded with pans of rolls, bowls of salad, pies and cakes and Indian pudding. Elly and Virginia Lee and the Baird girls ran in and out refilling dishes, pouring coffee, setting up new places at the long tables in the vestry. While the rest of the women washed the dishes, Elly's mother played the organ and the men and children went up to sit in the pews and sing. It sounded fine down below.

They cleared over sixty dollars. It was enough to buy an astonishing quantity of paint and whitewash, which was all put where it would do the most good before cold weather really shut down. Everybody came to the first service. Lucy Drew had a new hat, but Martha wore an old one Elly had retrimmed, and Elly, a pinkish-purple fascinator Martha had knit for her.

It was fine to have all this to write about to Gary and Martha knew he was interested because of the way he answered and the questions he asked. He had never felt right since the church was closed, he said; he had missed it, those last years at home. Oh, Gary enjoyed hearing about all the goings-on; that was plain.

Still it was hard to write about them without mentioning Elly.

THEN one day in late November Elly came suddenly into Martha's kitchen, shut the door, stood against it and said, "It isn't going to work, Martha!"

Martha slammed the stove cover into place and turned to look at her.

"What now?" she demanded. "What isn't going to work?"

"My plan. My trick, maybe I should call it. I was trying to persuade Mother and Daddy to stay here by showing them

how much I wanted it. But they don't want to. They've been trying awfully hard all summer to pretend—Daddy especially. But they're sick and tired of the farm. At least they think they are and that amounts to the same thing. Daddy says he would like to help me but he guesses he's just too old. He guesses he needs a rest. And Mother cheered up a little when the church opened, because she does love to play the organ and have some place to go, but she says just thinking of the winter gets on her nerves so it seems as if she can't turn her hand to anything."

"Nerves!" scoffed Martha. "Don't know what they are. Never had 'em."

"No, you didn't. And I haven't yet and hope I never will. But we're lucky, Martha. Mother really has gone to pieces ever since that snow flurry last week."

"Well, where's she want to go? Miami?"

"She'd like to, but she knows she can't. No, they want to go to my brother's in Lynn. He and his wife both seem real anxious to have them and say there is plenty of room. Mother says how seeing a movie always takes her right out of herself, and she dearly loves just walking downstreet for a soda—"

"Just like a child," Martha observed. "Never grew up, that's your mother's trouble."

"Well, one of them, maybe," Elly agreed ruefully. "But of course it will be a world easier for them, in a heated apartment, with all the conveniences—"

"Yes, yes," snapped Martha. "It'll be easy until it starts getting hard again. Meantime, what's going to become of you?"

"Me? Well, I don't know. They just told me this morning. But I ought to have suspected."

"You've been busy," said Martha. "You've been trying to do man's and woman's work both, and help everybody out. I'll bet you've lost ten pounds and I shouldn't have s'posed you had them to lose. Now your folks are getting out from under; and what are you going to do? Go back to your typewriting where you belong?"

"No," Elly said steadily. "I don't belong there. I'm going to stay right where I am. I'll be all right this winter with just the barn to see to. Of course I can't carry on the farm alone next summer. . . . Daddy says he may feel better after he's had a good rest, and be able to come back. But I can't help thinking that once he gives up—"

"I think the same," Martha interrupted. "Come into the sitting-room, Elly. Set down and hold your tongue. Let me think."

They sat looking at each other. Martha said finally, "You can't live alone at your age. 'Twouldn't look right. So if you're bound to stay you come over here with me, lock, stock and barrel, as they say, for the winter. Turn your hens in with mine; we'll kill off and eat some roosters before they fight each other to skin and bones. Drive over your cows; there's plenty of empty stalls. Pack up what few duds you need for work and church, and come over here and see if we can put some fat on you this winter. We'll live high off all that canned stuff."

"You'll have to sleep in Gary's room because it's over this one and there's that register in the ceiling to let up heat; besides, it gets the best sun. I'll just lay his things over into the north chamber. Then, as you say, we can start worrying later about next summer. We can't manage to keep two farms, two lone women together. But we'll have the whole winter for figuring, and that ought to amount to something, if our heads is any good at all. . . . Now what do you say?"

"Say?" Elly whispered. She tried to say something else and shook her head helplessly. She kept on looking at Martha until her eyes filled with tears.

"Yes. What do you say?" Martha insisted. "Have you any reason for not wanting to put your luck in with mine, for the winter anyway, and letting me see if I can't fat you up?"

"Oh, Martha . . . do you really want me, Martha? Underfoot all the time? Day and night? Weekdays and Sundays? Do you really want me to sleep in Gary's room?"

IT was Martha's turn to look down at her hands and fall silent. But after a minute she looked up again.

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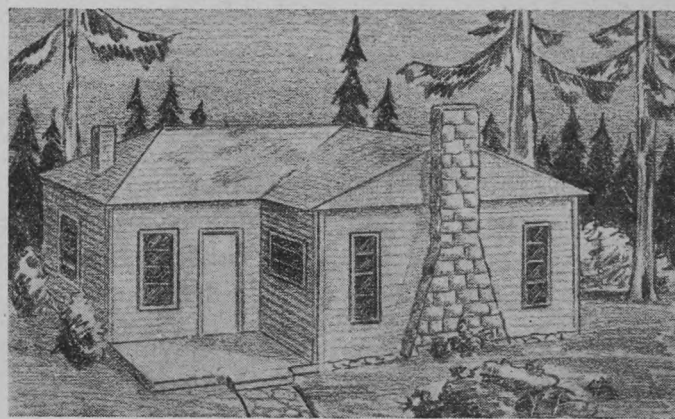
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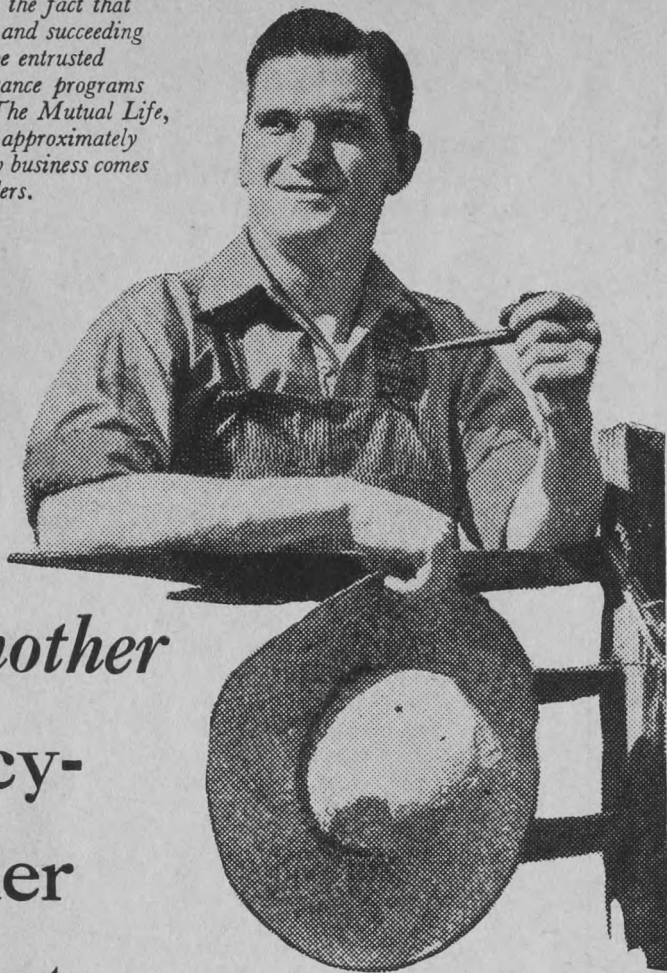
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"I wasn't thinking about Gary at all then, Elly," she admitted. "I was thinking about you and me. Because he's a long ways off, and you and I are here, and some way we've got pretty close, working together the way we have... I'd never have thought it three years ago, or a year ago, or when you walked in here last spring. I thought I hated the sight of you... but now I know I didn't, and never did. All the time you was growing up, and come over here so much, I kept seeing you more and more as if you was my own daughter. Nobody was ever prouder of a son than I was of Gary, but a woman needs a girl with her, being womankind with her in ways no man could understand.

"When I saw Gary was beginning to think of you as dearer than a sister, I thought it was too good to come true. And it was. And hurt and disappointed as he was when you went away, I guess I was just as much so; and, I thought to myself, maybe he'll find somebody else, but I never will. I thought you was cold and selfish and afraid of work and love and life... But I know now I was wrong. I know you must have thought it was best for us all; you didn't love Gary—"

"I was too young," Elly whispered.

"You said that before," Martha recalled. "And as I said then, no matter now. Only I mean it different now. Whatever you can't be to Gary, you can be a daughter to me. I don't see as it has anything to do with Gary. I think he would say the same if he could know. It won't hurt him for me to have you with me this winter, or as long as you'll stay while he's away. He won't need to know anything about it, till he comes back. Then he can say how he wants us to plan. It's his place, but we don't know how he'll feel about anything when he comes back... So—you'll take up with my offer, won't you?"

Elly said humbly, "Yes, Martha. There's nothing in the world I'd rather do."

"Good," Martha told her. "That's the girl. We'll have us a winter to long remember."

She stood up briskly and gave Elly a pat on the shoulder as she started toward the kitchen. Then she paused. Her eye had fallen on the inevitable half-finished letter lying on the desk and she made a small characteristic sound in her throat, half a chuckle, half a grunt.

"The only thing that worries me," she said, "is how I'm going to manage to keep on writing these letters to Gary without mentioning your name! And that I don't dare to do!"

SHE went on into the kitchen to take out a cake she had almost forgotten. A big loaf of sponge cake with a silvery crust of egg white over the top. The smell of it threaded the room like a spring breeze. As she was turning the pan over on a rack, she heard Elly behind her.

"You can't have any now," she said. "I shan't cut it till it's cool. Makes it tough. So don't ask."

"I wasn't going to," Elly answered dutifully. "I just wanted to tell you something, Martha. I wanted to tell you I'm sure it's all right for you to mention me in your letters to Gary. I say lots about you in my letters to him. You see, I write to him even oftener than you do, I married him, Martha, two weeks before he went overseas..."

Martha turned around, her eyes incredulous.

"Yes," Elly said, low. "I married him. We had been seeing each other on all his short leaves. We didn't have much time for a honeymoon, but we had all the time there was... He wanted to tell you, Martha. He didn't know what you'd think, but he wanted to tell you. I begged him not to. I wanted the chance to try to make you love me again before you knew—to try to show you I'd really changed—after all—now I've grown up—"

Martha spoke huskily. "Elly, Elly Drew—Anderson. You come here to me."



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## THE WOLF TRAIL

Continued from page 9

Dan heard again. "There is no way over the swamps to where you wish to go."

But the intense struggle to speak seemed to have exhausted the little vitality that remained. Suddenly the girl went limp in Dan's arms again, and this time she did not stir. As her cheek touched his own, Dan felt that it was not only icy cold, but frozen stiff.

All speculation as to her presence there, her acquaintance with his name and the purpose of his journey disappeared immediately for Dan, in the face of the urgent need of getting the unconscious girl at once to warmth and shelter. Picking her up in his arms, Dan began carrying her through the fringe of alders and up the slope from the river toward his camp.

It was no more than three hundred yards from the river bank to the patch of willows, but Dan had covered three miles with greater ease under other conditions. With the weight of the girl in his arms, the gale buffeting him, and the sleet whipping his face, every step was a struggle, while the snow was already so deep that Dan sank half-way to the knee in it at every step.

But the camp—impenetrable as the darkness was, Dan had thought it would be an easy matter to find it. He miscalculated, in spite of the experience of years. The howling of the wind completely drowned any sound from the dogs, and the girl, a dead weight in his arms, impeded his sense of direction. The slightest angle of divergence, and the camp was lost.

Dan had actually gone beyond it, and was stumbling on into the Barrens, when in a momentary lull of the wind, the sound of a dog's challenge some distance to his left stopped him.

He had missed certain death by the grace of a moment in the force of the hurricane. It seemed inconceivable that he could have blundered so badly. He turned and sought the direction from which the sound had come. Again he had miscalculated, but this time on the right side. That yelp had seemed to come from a hundred and fifty yards' distance, and little more than a score of paces brought Dan up short among the willows, to the accompaniment of the full-throated chorus of the pack.

IN another moment Dan could distinguish the outlines of the tent. He got the flap open, and carried the girl inside. He laid her down upon his sleeping-bag and tried to light a candle, but the violence of the wind, even through the canvas, made this impossible. It was straining against the ropes, and threatened every moment to be blown bodily away.

That was a chance that had to be taken. Dan remembered that there was a little wood left, as well as some scraps of birch-bark, and in the shelter among the willows where he had made his fire there was still a little glow among the embers, fanned by the winds. A strip of dry bark and a handful of twigs, and this time the gale was his ally. It caught the fresh fuel and quickly kindled a roaring fire.

Dan filled the kettle with snow, waited till it had melted, and filled it up again. Then he went back into the tent. The next half-hour he spent in restoring the circulation in the girl's face, hands and feet. It was not time to stand upon punctilio, and, though the skin still felt as icily cold to the touch, Dan knew, when the half-hour had gone—knew from the little moans of pain which escaped the girl's lips—that the blood was beginning to circulate anew through the arteries.

It was an eerie sensation, being in the little tent alone with a girl whose face he could not see. From her voice, when she had whispered those few words of warning to him upon the river bank, Dan had judged that she was educated—at least, no product of the river settlements. What he had been able to glimpse of her figure—though he had seen nothing of her face—had given him the idea that she was young. But in the complete darkness of the tent Dan could see nothing at all of her, though he had been engaged in reviving her for a half hour past.

ROMANCE had entered Dan's life little enough, and in his younger days the white bird had displayed herself to him with more or less sullied wings. That had made him avoid women. None in the least approximating to his early ideals had ever come within his ken. And so what might have been a flair for romance had turned in another direction, into the love of the glorious drama of the woods and tundras in the changing seasons, the beauty of the wild, and the thrill of the man-hunt.

Yet, as he tried to restore the girl to consciousness, Dan felt the piquancy of the situation. The kettle was boiling now, and Dan had mixed tea with a little brandy from his tiny stock, and was trying to make her swallow some of the mixture. He replaced the woolen socks and the small moccasins before she revived, and the gloves upon the hands which, firm and capable though they felt, were not rough like a squaw's hands, or those of a trapper's wife. And when the first

broken words came again from the girl's lips, Dan knew that his estimate of her had not been a mistaken one.

"Is it thou, Alphonse?" she muttered in French. "Thou art safe? No, thou canst trust me. I shall never fail thee so long as—see that there comes no harm to—"

She was struggling up. Dan heard a gasp of dismay come from her lips as she seemed to realize that she was in strange surroundings, and he put his hand gently on her arm.

"But where am I? I cannot see! Ah, the storm was terrible. I was lost. But who is it?"

"Don't be afraid," said Dan. "You're quite safe now. I am Sergeant Dan Keane, of the Police."

She gasped, and, dark though it was, Dan seemed to feel the girl's eyes fixed upon him. However, she ceased to struggle.

"You—you are Sergeant Keane?" she whispered. "Then how—how did I get here? Where am I?"

"You're in my tent," answered Dan. "I guess you got lost on the trail. I heard you crying out about an hour and a half ago, and I found you on the ice of the river, and carried you back here. You were badly frozen but you're getting along all right now."

"Yes, I remember," she answered in a whisper. "I was—looking for—" She checked herself abruptly. "What are you going to—?"

"You mustn't be distressed. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"I am not afraid—for myself. I am afraid for—you!"

But it was clear that her strength was completely exhausted. Her voice failed her. "You must not try to talk any more now," Dan interposed. "We're both safe for the night, at any rate, and you can tell me about it in the morning. There was nobody with you, I suppose?" he added.

"No, there was—no one. But you—what are you going to do tonight?"

"Oh, I can rustle up a bed somewhere outside," Dan answered lightly. "It's pretty well sheltered among the trees, and I think the storm is letting up a little."



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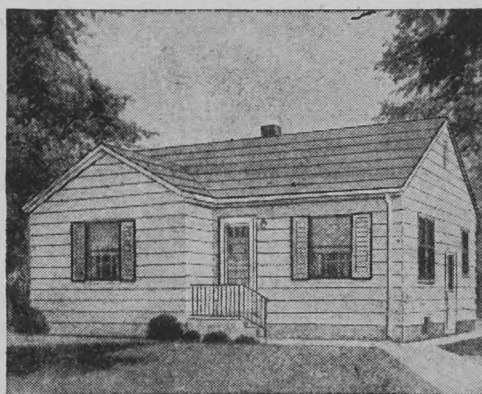
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She tried to utter some sort of protest to that, but she was too obviously weary. In a moment she had relapsed into unconsciousness, and Dan, after listening a moment to her regular breathing, satisfied that she was on the way to recovery, left the tent.

He had spoken lightly enough, but it was no joke attempting to find shelter in that gale, even though it did appear to be slightly diminishing in force. He made a place for himself among the dogs on the lee side of the loaded sleigh, and found himself fairly well sheltered. The tarpaulin, as well as he was able to stretch it over him, kept out a modicum of the snow. But it was bitterly cold, the little fire had gone out for good now, and the only thing to do was to endure it.

Dan, huddling down, passed one of the worst and coldest nights in his experience. Sometime he dozed, but all the time he was conscious of revolting

nerves and flesh nearing the breaking point. It was too cold even to speculate as to the presence of the girl, apparently with neither dogs nor sleigh. Well, he would learn the explanation in the morning.

**DAWN** came at last, just when it seemed as if he could bear the cold no longer. It came in dull, opalescent grey, with no hint of any sun in the overcast sky, but the snow had almost ceased to fall, and the gale had blown itself out into a strong wind. There was more than a foot of snow on the ground.

Dan scooped with stiffened fingers in the snow until he had gathered another little store of twigs and dead branches. He made a bare patch among the trees, and, with some more of the birchbark, managed to kindle a fire and put the kettle on. He had some biscuit left over; that, with bacon and tea, would have to provide the morning's meal.

He had just got the kettle boiling, and was wondering whether he ought to go inside the tent and make sure that the girl was all right, when she came out. He turned at the sound of the tent flap being drawn back, and saw her standing in the entrance.

Dan smothered an exclamation. He had never dreamed that she was a girl like that! In place of the frontier type that he had looked for, he saw—if not the girl of his youthful dreams, who had been a composite character, at least one of the types that had gone to the composition of that ideal being.

Not very tall, but straight as a young fir sapling, she stood there, watching him. A little over twenty, but not much more, with the figure of youth, dark hair, grey eyes that met his own; and yet there was something about the face that showed maturity of experience rather than of years—that was the immediate impression that the girl presented.

She came hobbling toward him, and Dan tried to give her his hand to help her, but she ignored it.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"I'm feeling fairly well, except for

the frostbites." Yes, the slight accent was undoubtedly French, but she was speaking English to Dan, probably not supposing that he spoke the one tongue almost as well as the other.

"You saved my life, Sergeant Keane and—"

"It was lucky I happened along," Dan answered, in a clumsy attempt to obviate her thanks. "Won't you sit down on the sleigh? The tea's about ready. I haven't any milk. We'll talk afterward. I hope you'll like my bacon."

Dan helped her to the sleigh. As she approached it, the dogs, which had watched her, growling and bristling, subsided. She laid a hand caressingly upon each of the shaggy heads, and the beasts fawned before her. Dan gave her a tin mug of tea, but she would not eat anything.

"You said there was nobody with you," Dan began, "but of course you have a sleigh and—somebody—in the neighborhood?"

"I have nobody," answered the girl.

"But—you can't have been traveling alone, without even a pack?"

"I say that I have nobody," she repeated peremptorily. "I came here to warn you. I know who you are, and that you are going to relieve Corporal Lafontaine and take Monsieur La Rue back with you. But you are on the wrong route. There's no way over the muskeg to—where you're going. You'll die in the swamps, you and your dogs."

"You seem to know a good deal about me and my plans," said Dan. Instantly something impersonal had sprung into their relationship. Dan had not even a description of Jehane La Rue. And yet—could it be possible that this girl was she?

It was not possible. She could not have been a member of the outlaw gang that had been guilty of almost every known crime against God and man. In the year during which they had been at large, before the rumors filtering down to Divisional Headquarters had resulted in the sending of a patrol into their territory, they had blazed their way through the north to the ac-

companiment of murder and rapine among the Indians, culminating in the murder of a Hudson's Bay Company factor and the seizure of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of fur.

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No, this girl could not possibly be Jehane La Rue. And yet—

"You have come—from somewhere—" Dan began slowly, "to warn me that I cannot reach my destination. Who are you that you should take so much trouble for a stranger?"

"Never mind who I am. Suppose I am the wife or daughter of a trapper. Suppose that I happen to know, confidentially, that you cannot succeed. Isn't that enough? The Police cannot ask impossibilities of their men. Turn back, and try the northern route, if you must, when the weather is open—"

**SHE** was confused, inventing reasons, and Dan felt his heart hardening. The little glimmer of romance that had been lit for him the night before had vanished. Dan had more than once confronted women who had sobbed and clung to him, pleading without avail for their men. "Perhaps," he said with deliberate slowness, "perhaps you can give me news of Corporal Lafontaine?"

"I can tell you nothing. I've said all I had to say. I came to warn you."

"For which I'm much obliged," answered Dan grimly. "But please remember that I am a policeman. It is my duty to do everything in my power to elicit the information I need, and with which I believe you are able to supply me."

"You mean you're going to hold me as your prisoner?" cried the girl, while Miska raised her head and uttered a low growl, as if she sensed the tension in the air.

"By no means, but naturally, if you are alone, I cannot leave you to go wherever you are going without dogs or supplies. A woman alone in the north-land is under the protection of the Police. It is a part of my duty."

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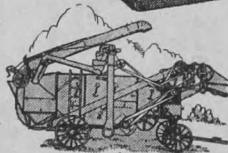
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"Protection!" she looked at Dan, a  
contemptuous smile beginning to curve  
her mouth. There was the consciousness  
of power in that smile of hers; helpless  
as she might have been the night before.  
Dan knew that he was not dealing with  
an inexperienced girl.

"And so your duty requires me to be  
your traveling companion to the Great  
Bear—and perhaps show you the way  
across the muskeg?" the girl demanded.

"There is a way, then?" countered  
Dan; and she flushed and bit her lip.  
He did not follow up his advantage.  
"Why is it necessary to speak of your  
being a prisoner?" he continued. "As  
things stand, you are certainly incap-  
able of leaving me and continuing your  
journey, wherever you are planning to  
go, alone. Your feet are badly frost-  
bitten. You can't make more than a  
mile or two. A fresh storm may come up  
at any time. So, you see—"

"I prefer to be frank and call things  
by their right name," the girl retorted.

"Then suppose you answer me two  
questions frankly. First, your name and  
where you come from; second, whether  
Corporal Lafontaine is alive and well."

"I have said that I can tell you nothing."

"Then our positions are pretty well  
defined after all. I must tell you that I  
am now going out to pick up the trail  
you took last night, to find out all that  
is possible. I shall be back early in the  
afternoon. Please make yourself as com-  
fortable as possible."

"You are insolent!" she cried, spring-  
ing to her feet, but wincing with pain  
as she did so. "You mean to keep me  
your prisoner. Very well—I suppose I  
cannot cross the snows without my  
snowshoes and without supplies. But at  
least I ask to be spared a conversation  
of this character."

And, with an indignant gesture, she  
made her way inside the tent. Dan  
looked after her until the flap had  
closed. He whistled softly. Then he  
tightened his belt and thrust his feet  
into the straps of his snowshoes, and set  
off down the slope toward the river.

Once on the surface, he had little dif-  
ficulty in locating the alder patch from  
which he had retrieved the girl the  
night before. There the snow still in-  
dicated their encounter, though a good  
deal more had fallen since that time.  
And Dan began a close examination of  
the surface, in the endeavor to discover  
the tracks that the girl had made, and  
trace them backward.

In his attempt he was completely  
baffled. For a short distance about the  
alders Dan could make out the marks  
of snowshoes, but so much snow had  
fallen during the night that he quickly  
realized the attempt must prove a fail-  
ure. Still, if the girl had come down-  
stream, as he imagined, there ought to  
be the remains of a campfire near.

And for three or four miles Dan went  
to and fro from bank to bank, examin-  
ing both the bed of the stream and the  
higher ground above, but fruitlessly.

In the end he had to confess himself  
beaten. Whatever indications there  
might have been lay buried, like her  
tracks of the previous night, beneath a  
foot of snow.

DAN covered several more miles, how-  
ever, before he abandoned hope,  
making sweeping detours on both sides  
of the river. At last, when the sun was  
midway in the west, he started back for  
his camp.

The dogs greeted him with an out-  
burst of baying. It was almost as if they  
knew that everything was not quite as  
it ought to be, and were trying to an-  
nounce the fact to him. But Dan knew  
what had happened the moment he  
reached the little windbreak of willows,  
for the evidence lay plain enough before  
his eyes.

Of course the tent was empty. Also,  
his skis were missing from the sleigh.  
And the course of the skis, which he had  
seen as soon as he reached the willows,  
ran in two more or less parallel lines,  
straight away from the tent toward the  
frozen river, and then pointed north-  
ward in the direction of Dan's destina-  
tion. The shallow grooves in the snow  
showed black in the grey light of the  
late afternoon, and were visible for a  
great distance.

Dan looked at the lines and whistled  
again. The girl was even more resource-

ful than he had given her the credit of  
being. She must have lulled his suspi-  
cions by assuming a greater incapacity  
from the frostbites than she was ac-  
tually suffering. He had thought her  
helpless without her snowshoes, which  
she had lost at some time during the  
night, but what a fool he had been to  
overlook the skis!

Dan had no doubt that the girl was in  
some way connected with La Rue. Some-  
thing had been in his mind all through  
the night before he dragged it up to the  
levels of consciousness, and knew what  
it was.

When the girl had begun to revive in  
the tent the night before, she had ad-  
dressed him by the name of Alphonse.  
And Alphonse was the name of the  
prisoner, La Rue.

That she was actually Jehane La Rue,  
the prisoner's wife, and murderer, Dan  
dismissed from his mind as incredible.  
But it was obvious that surprises would  
be in store for him when he reached the  
Little Fish.

But Dan was fuming with impatience.  
He had wasted a day, when each day  
might mean a matter of life or death to  
Corporal Lafontaine. Hitherto Dan had  
believed it probable that some accident,  
or perhaps the scurvy to which Lafon-  
taine had referred in his last report to  
headquarters, might have been the  
cause of the nonappearance of the cor-  
poral with his prisoner. But now Dan  
hardly ventured to hope that Lafontaine  
was still alive.

He knew, of course, the celerity with  
which news flies through the vast  
reaches of the northland. The whole  
land, desolate as it is, is a vast whisper-  
ing gallery. That he was on the way to  
relieve Lafontaine must have been  
bruted abroad from the very day he  
started; there was not a tepee anywhere  
from the Saskatchewan to the northern  
ice in which his mission would not have  
been discussed. And the girl's mysterious  
appearance, and her evident acquaint-  
ance with facts that were as yet con-  
cealed from him, made him fear for the  
worst.

He cursed himself for the folly that  
had permitted her to escape so readily.  
But it was no time to lament the past.  
It was essential now that he should  
cover the remainder of the journey as  
swiftly as possible.

It was too late to start that day, but  
at the earliest dawn Dan was afoot,  
harnessing the dogs. They were well  
away before it was light, and though  
more snow during the night had obli-  
terated the ski tracks he struck the same  
general course over the Barrens, which  
gradually descended toward that cloudy  
patch on the far horizon which in-  
dicated Dan's destination. The sun shone  
bright by now, but over that distant  
blur there was no sunlight.

It was the centre of the drainage  
bowl, a region dank with the mist that  
rose perpetually from the marshes, and  
shunned like a pestilence by man and  
beast alike.

Four days later Dan struck the Little  
Fish, and followed its tortuous course  
toward the head. The map that he had  
brought with him was mostly guesswork,  
or compiled from tradition, since this  
region was practically unknown. It  
showed a crude triangle, with Lac Ste.  
Therese as one point, and the shore of  
the Great Bear another, with the head  
of the little Fish as the apex.

The most difficult part of the journey  
had now begun. Along the scrub-fringed  
bank of the river ran a rough trail,  
made perhaps by Indians in the long  
ago, flying from hostile tribes, and kept  
open by the few beasts of the Barrens  
that passed that way. A little distance  
on the other side of the trail, beyond  
the fringe of undergrowth, the muskeg  
began. It bore the weight of the sleigh,  
but progress was almost impossible, for  
the surface was soft even beneath the  
snow, while the whole region was dotted  
with quickmud holes of fathomless  
depth, as Dan knew, making any at-  
tempt to cross it almost certain destruc-  
tion.

Hence Dan made no attempt to  
shorten the journey by any quick cuts  
from point to point of the winding river  
course, though, when the stream bent  
snakewise upon itself, the temptation  
was strong. Instead, he forced his way  
doggedly onward, being often forced to  
stop and clear a path for dogs and sleigh  
with the ax through the dense thickets



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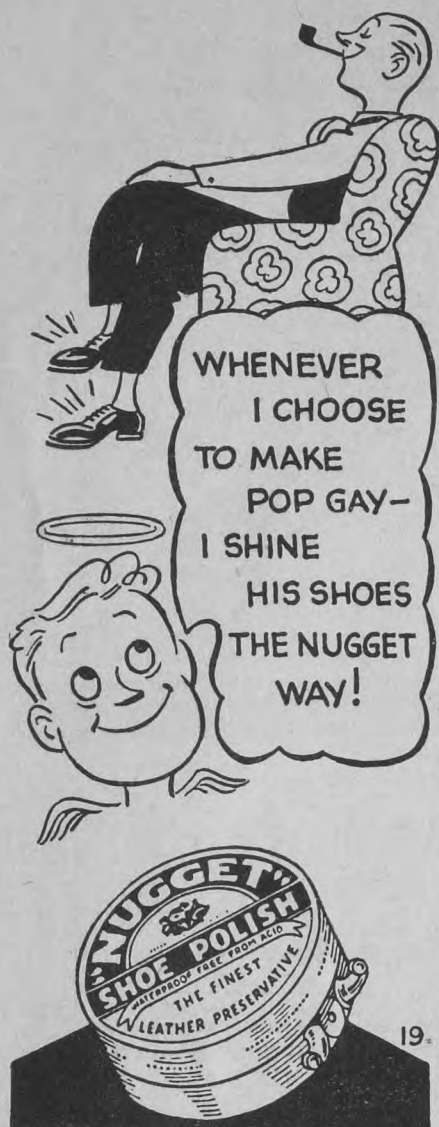
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IT SOLVES THE FENCING PROBLEM

of tangled fern, blueberry shrub, and swamp laurel.

ON the night before he expected to arrive at his destination, Dan had flung himself down to rest exhausted from the labors of an arduous day. He had forced the pace to the utmost in his anxiety to reach Corporal Lafontaine, and in spite of it he had covered less than an average day's march across the Barrens. Sleep descended upon him, dense and stupefying, yet crowded with the phantoms of the past, an unmeaning procession of dream images occasioned probably by the over-exhaustion that kept his brain in activity.

His anxiety for Lafontaine had grown still more acute, too. Each hour of the march had increased his apprehensions for the corporal, and his eagerness to reach the cabin, so that in sleep his mind still pursued the accustomed succession of thoughts, picturing vague disasters.

Then of a sudden the sense of imminent personal danger broke into this dull nightmare, and, half-waking, and not yet realizing where he was, Dan instinctively flung back his head and shoulders. At the same instant the bang of a revolver, almost in his ear, and the acrid stench of powder in his nostrils brought to him instant realization of his surroundings.

He had felt the wind of the bullet, the powder stung his cheek; the starlight, very faintly illumining the interior of the tent, showed Dan a shadow against the canvas.

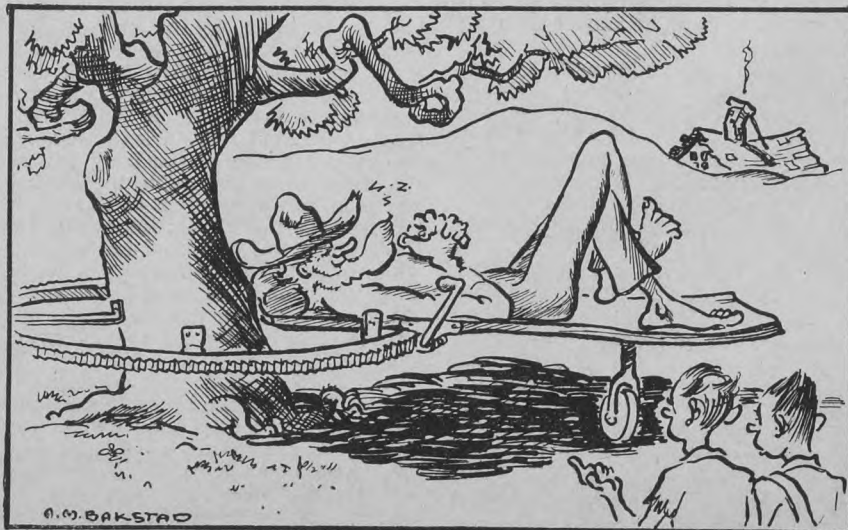
Dan reacted with the instant automatic response of a man trained to meet such emergencies. A sideward spring from the half-supine position in which he was lying placed in his hand the revolver that had been in his belt beside the sleeping-bag. The same movement brought him into contact with the wall of the canvas, just as the revolver of the intruder cracked again.

Again the shot missed—and then Dan and the other were struggling in the folds of the tent, while the dogs bayed furiously, and strained at the sleigh to which they were fastened.

For a moment Dan thought he had succeeded in grappling the intruder through the canvas. Then it slipped through his fingers, and his struggles only entangled him more thoroughly. To fire was not only contrary to the code of the Police, which reserves the use of the revolver for the last emergency, but was impossible. In the dark, Dan could see nothing. He fought his way free somehow—and then he found himself under the stars, piled among the wrangling, snarling dogs.

He disengaged himself and looked about him for his assailant, but there was no moon, and the terrain, which was a small, open space in the heart of the river scrub, though it formed an excellent windbreak, afforded complete cover for just such a treacherous attack as had been made upon him. Dan had, in fact, selected it only because the alternatives had been the muskeg, which was not to be thought of.

Nevertheless, through the volleys of furious baying Dan fancied that he heard a crackling in the bushes some distance down the stream. He crossed the open in three bounds, revolver in hand.



"Gran'pappy wuz a genius, but he invinted that contraption fifty years ago 'n ain't done nuthin' since!"

"Halt, or I fire!" he shouted.

He heard the crackling again, some distance to the right, and discharged the weapon twice in that direction. But there followed only silence. Pushing his way through the undergrowth, Dan saw the flat level of the illimitable swamps extending before him. But nothing was moving on them, nor, so far as he could see, was there any human figure anywhere.

He raged to and fro along the fringe of the undergrowth. But, as he began to grow cool, he recognized that his assailant had succeeded in effecting his escape. The chances of discovering him were growing momentarily less.

DAN was about to return to the camp when he noticed something lying upon the white level of the snow some distance away, and hurried toward it. He picked it up.

It was a snowshoe. In that fact there was nothing strange. No doubt it had been dropped by his assailant, who had not dared to wait to pick it up.

But it was smaller and more elongated than a man's snowshoe. It was a woman's, and the inference was unmistakable.

And now Dan could see the tracks leading from this point. They ran straight along the fringe of the brush into the distance, and side by side with those of the other snowshoe were the imprints of a small moccasined foot.

If the girl were trying to escape with a single snowshoe, it would not be a difficult matter to overtake her. The imprints of the moccasin sank deep into the snow, which lay soft above the muskeg. He followed the tracks for half a mile along a narrow trail, and down to the ice of the river bed.

And here a surprise awaited him. Outlined distinctly upon the snow-covered surface were the marks of a sleigh and dogs, and among the confused imprints of feet Dan could see the impressions of another pair of snowshoes, this time a man's.

The sleigh had evidently halted at this point to wait while the girl went to Dan's tent upon her murderous mission, for here the tracks ceased. Dan could read the story as well as if it was being reenacted before his eyes. The girl had returned, and the sleigh had turned around and made its journey back toward the point from which it had come.

So far good, but now the reading grew more difficult, for in the faint light it was not easy to disentangle the two sets of tracks, made in the going and returning. It was plain enough to Dan, however, that the girl had been accompanied by a man.

Half a mile further along the stream there was another difficulty. The trail of the girl's snowshoes came down the further bank of the river, indicating that the sleigh must have been waiting for her, and that she had joined it at this point. Dan could see where the dogs had rested.

But—and this was inexplicable—there were also the tracks of the girl's moccasins made on the snow further along the river bed, going both ways.

In other words, the girl seemed to have accompanied the sleigh along the river, and at the same time to have joined it at the point where her single tracks converged down the bank.

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Dan scrambled up the bank. He could faintly see the line of tracks across the muskeg. There was no doubt that the girl had joined the sleigh at that point in the river bed.

He followed the sleigh tracks about a quarter of a mile further. Always there were the double snowshoe tracks, made going and returning.

Then came glare ice, on which the tracks were hopelessly lost, and Dan knew that it would be a waste of time to attempt to pick them up further along. They were not likely to tell him anything more than he had learned already. He turned back toward his camp, stopped for a moment, and regarded the snowshoe that he held with a grim, cynical smile.

"That's what I'd call gratitude," he said aloud. "We're going to have a showdown, lady, when we meet again."

He started on the return journey, but, within a short distance of his camp, he saw something that he had overlooked. At a certain point at the edge of the river the snow was trampled, as if by a number of feet. From the confused impressions it looked very much as if a scuffle had occurred there.

And in the centre of the patch something else was lying. It was a hunting knife, not very long, but of razor sharpness. And all along the blade was a sticky, viscid substance. What that was, Dan knew very well.

It was anywhere between midnight and morning, but, Dan's watch having stopped, he had no present means of gauging the time. In the light of what had occurred, further sleep that night was clearly impossible for him. The discoveries had thrown him into a feverheat of impatience and speculation. Furthermore, in addition to the risk of renewed attack, if he remained where he was, and his eagerness to be in a position to understand who the girl's companion had been, and whom he had been fighting on the bed of the stream, Dan was consumed with impatience to complete the few remaining miles of his journey and clear up the mystery of Lafontaine's silence.

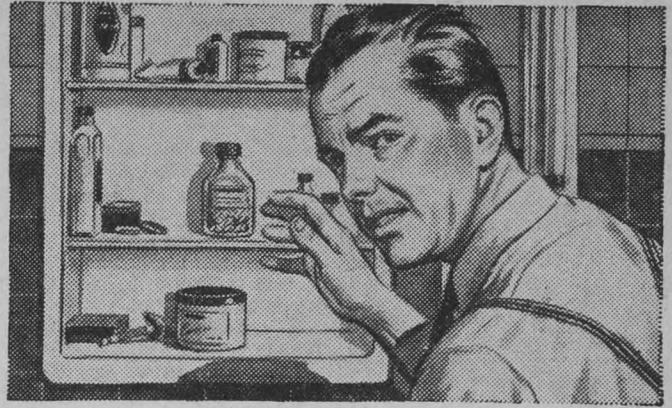
The moon was rising slowly in the east. It would give light enough in a little while, though at present it was hardly more than a major planet. Dan whipped the protesting dogs into harness with savage vehemence, flung tent and sleeping bag upon the sleigh, and resumed the interminable journey.

A little further on the thick brush beside the Little Fish dwindled and then gave way to muskeg, which now extended on both sides of the stream clear to the brink; the Little Fish itself ran at the bottom of a deepening gorge, over a stony bed, and impetuously enough to prevent ice forming over the rushing torrent in the centre. To travel on its surface was therefore an impossibility. However, the muskeg seemed firm enough, though here and there were holes filled with viscid marsh water. It was odd to see water in that bitter cold, but Dan knew that it would tax the strength of the northern winter to freeze those treacherous depths—at least, hard enough to make travel safe.

He walked ahead, testing the ground, and at the same time keeping a lookout for any attempted repetition of the attack on the part of the girl. But the muskeg troubled him more than any anticipations of danger at her hands, for now, as far as Dan could see, the land lay flat as a pancake, unrelieved by any growth except here or there a stunted birch or willow. It would be difficult for even the girl to find ambush anywhere near.

Dan knew the muskeg was treacherous, but he utterly disbelieved the girl's statement that it was impossible to reach the cabin. He believed she was connected with the gang, that they had reappeared, and Lafontaine's presence at the rendezvous seemed to him improbable in the extreme. And yet the consciousness of the imminent danger stirred Dan's heart and quickened his pulses. To match one's wits against the killer, to uphold the law and the repute of the Force in the wildest regions—that was life, to Dan.

Hour after hour he pursued the march, while the moon climbed the sky, until the land lay almost as bright as in the day before his eyes. And Dan was nearing the end of his journey. According to



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the map, the cabin where Lafontaine had trapped La Rue lay at the upper end of the long, narrow lake that had already appeared on his left hand. And now Dan was skirting its borders, only to discover that it contained, not water, but muskeg clear to the brim.

This was the very bottom of the bowl drained from the surrounding mountains. Dan tossed a small boulder upon the quivering surface. It sank slowly, as if into viscid oil, spreading ripples of mud around it. The glassy surface closed over it. And not even snow would lie upon the face of the muskeg. Either it was engulfed or it melted from the warmth generated by the perpetual decomposition and fermentation going on beneath.

Dan shouted to the dogs, and, running back, swung the gee-pole hard over. The sleigh, which was already teetering upon the brim of the lake, swung around and resumed its journey upon firmer ground.

For perhaps twenty minutes longer Dan continued the march. Soft as the ground was, he had discovered that it was passable wherever the snow lay deep. Then the head of the lake came into sight, and simultaneously the panorama of Dan's destination unfolded itself in the moonlight.

The spectacle was not in itself remarkable, but it appeared so after the long expanse of monotonous marsh across which Dan had been traveling. The head of the muskeg lake was, in fact, the rim of the bowl. Upon a low ridge of land, fringed with timber of a size that Dan had not seen since he left the timber limits behind him, there stood such a building as he had certainly not expected to discover in that desolate region.

It was an old chateau, built of logs, and resembling those seigniorial manor houses that are still to be seen in Quebec Province, though on a small scale. All about it was waste land, covered with young trees, but evidently, from its appearance, once cleared ground. And at the head of the lake, but separated from the chateau by a strip of muskeg, perhaps three hundred yards in width, and surrounded by the same bog, was a small island.

It was not more than about an acre in extent, its boundaries clearly defined in the moonlight. On this, in the midst of a growth of smaller timber, was a great mass of stone, perhaps the size of a large house, and about as high. It was one of those outcroppings of limestone that are not infrequently found in that country where at some time in past ages a landslide has displaced the accumulated debris of ages, and disclosed the basic rock.

At the foot of this mass of stone was a long, low structure built also of logs, and looking like a trading store.

Chateau and trading store faced each other across that rim of bog, and it was evident that at some time in the past they had been intimately associated with one another.

The trading store, according to the directions that Dan had received, marked the end of his journey. A quarter of a mile further, and he would know whether Lafontaine was alive or dead.

He cracked the whip, and the dogs, as if they understood that the toil of the long journey was almost over, strained against their breast-straps. For a few moments the sleigh bounded over the snow. Then it began to drag, went on a little way, and stopped. Dan saw that there was no longer snow beneath it.

The utmost efforts of the animals were unable to budge it. And they were mired to the knees.

Then Dan discovered that he himself was already ankle-deep in the soft bog. Almost imperceptibly it was sucking him down, closing softly about his feet, his legs.

Man and dogs were alike trapped in the maw of the dreaded muskeg!

At first Dan fought desperately to free himself from the trap. To pull his legs free was not difficult, for the swamp was soft and yielding, but as fast as he freed one foot the other sank deeper in, and every step forward meant a renewal of the struggle. The dogs, now belly deep in the mire, were howling piteously, and making frantic efforts to escape in vain. With a mighty effort, Dan forced his way to their head. Grabbing Miska,

the leader, he tugged with all his strength.

HE pulled her bodily from the swamp, only to find that he was now stuck fast to the knees; and as the terrified beast hurled against her harness, she began to sink again. Glancing back along the line, Dan saw that the fifth dog was already buried to the haunches.

And that was the beginning of a desperate, hideous struggle for life, that was to be a nightmare to Dan long afterward, both in his waking and his sleeping hours. Grimly he set himself to such a battle as he had never dreamed of, there beneath the brilliant moonlight.

In the face of the great terror, the dogs became what they had been not many generations back. They snarled and bit and fought one another, and as each went down those that were not so deeply trapped tore at its throat, and tore at each other as they fought over their prey. It was not hunger—it was the life instinct at war with death, the same that makes wolves fall upon their slain companions and rend them. And in the midst of the snarling tangle Dan fought like a madman, a hopeless struggle destined to failure from the first.

Not the least terror of that nightmare was the look in Miska's eyes as she went under. Between man and dog there had sprung up one of those not rare affections that the trapper knows; Miska alone had seemed to retain the dog nature to the end.

In the horror of the disaster Dan had almost forgotten that he, too, was trapped. As the quivering, jelly-like surface closed over the last dog, he came to the realization that he was lying prone on his face, and that his knees and thighs and shoulders were slowly sinking.

Behind him was the sleigh, now nothing but a flat board upon the surface of the swamp. There was something grotesque in the sight of the supplies gradually descending into the ground.

Dan flung himself free, after a fight with the swamp as if it had been a human antagonist. He squirmed across the mud to the side of the sleigh, and threw off the supplies. They sank almost as quickly as the boulders that he had thrown into the viscid lake.

And Dan's last battle for life was of the same tragic grotesque character. Freed of the weight of its burden, the surface of the sleigh became a flat board resting on the muskeg, and in part upborne by it. The pull of the buried beasts was slowly tilting it downward at the forward end. Dan threw his weight upon the rear as a counterbalance. And for what seemed an infinity the struggle between man and swamp went on, the muskeg sucking downward, and Dan forcing up the front of the surface by hurling his full weight upon the back.

The sweat streamed down his face, his strength was leaving him; encased in viscid mud from head to foot, he fought there under the brilliant moon, which was slowly losing in brilliance as the first light of dawn began to creep over the swamp. Dan was becoming unconscious, his struggle was growing mechanical; and by degrees, as the dead beasts sank still deeper into the fathomless maw of the mud, Dan was no longer able to counterbalance their weight. Of a sudden the sucking swamp closed in.

Dan found himself the sole thing on the face of the marsh, which, like a spongy mass, was rising round him. And once again, with a last effort, he succeeded in fighting himself free.

A score of yards away was safety—and he could not have moved a score of inches. But as he raised his eyes, looking back hopelessly, he heard a cry, and saw a figure standing in a tiny wind-break of willow saplings, with a sleigh and three dogs, strung out black under the moon, behind it.

Over the face of the marsh, like a huge snake, a rope came streaking.

But of the finale of that grim struggle Dan never remembered anything thereafter. One mental picture was of himself battling against the swamp, prone on the ground; the next was of his lying on the snow, with firm soil underneath him, clutching the rope, which was bending one of the saplings to the roots, and looking up into the face of an old Indian.

To be continued.

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# The Countrywoman

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Walk the rails if you can with arms outspread,  
But over the culvert, watch your step, keep your head;  
Skip a stone and the chorus of frogs will stop,  
But down there in the weeds something goes kerplow!  
Minnows are darting where the blue flag is rank,  
And strawberries ripen far up on the bank.  
Four men with a handcar go clickety-clack!  
We climb high on the bank and give them the track.  
Then a train shakes the ground with rumble of  
thunder,  
We run to the fence and we all roll under,  
For the railroad right-of-way is ours,  
Going to school, loitering, picking ripe berries and  
flowers.

S'AMUSER. (*Chicago Tribune*.)

## Taking a Long View

IT remained for an anthropologist, Dr. Margaret Mead to say: "You can not eat nutrition." "People who have survived for a long time have likely been eating right. But there is no way of telling when a point is reached where a decline sets in. We know that a tribe or a race may die. Mexicans have puzzled nutritionists and health workers for a long time. Mexicans do not drink milk, yet their children have not suffered unduly from soft and crooked bones, associated with rickets. Nor did Mexicans have poor and quickly decaying teeth. In fact they had good teeth. Then someone discovered that a much-used and popular dish in the Mexican home was made from corn, which was soaked for 48 hours in limewater. The finished food was high in calcium, higher even than milk, one of the richest sources. But Mexican women have discovered a way to soften corn more quickly, without limewater. Maybe we shall yet see signs of calcium deficiency in Mexicans. Food patterns change and so does the health of the people.

"Sago, which is about 80 per cent starch forms the main diet of the people of New Guinea."

The occasion of these remarks was a conference meeting of nutritionists, field workers and the press at Ottawa in early June. Dr. Mead who is Executive Secretary, Committee on Food Habits in the U.S. National Research Council and has made six or seven expeditions into South Sea islands in the interests of the study of anthropology, spoke at the closing dinner meeting. Hers was a fresh and stimulating viewpoint, refusing as she did to take her own or anyone else's view too seriously.

"There is a danger of people getting carried away with one idea. Health is the balance of the whole," said Dr. Brock Chisholm, Deputy Minister of Health, Ottawa, in welcoming the conference members. "One finds nutrition rather badly left out of our thinking on health. Yet nutrition has tended to become a tremendously simple thing, but very expensive—the taking of vitamin pills. Probably as a result with some there is better mental health as there is no frustration in having to take foods they do not like. Nutrition is vastly affected by emotional states. One of the greatest cause of illness and return of soldiers in the Canadian army in the first three war years was indigestion, gastro-intestinal ulcers. It had nothing to do with poor food or poor equipment but was due to nerve strain and emotional frustrations. The cure did not involve adjustment of food but of environment. Many children go through a stage of defying parental authority and when it comes to giving them foods they do not want to eat parents have to make the wise decision between balanced diet or mental frustration with its consequences. It is necessary to balance one thing against another. With children too the trouble may not necessarily be food but environment.

"When it comes to entering the field of welfare and nutrition, there is a certain amount of apprehension in the minds of people that government is entering the field of family prerogatives."

Dr. Chisholm read a message from Brooke Claxton, Minister of Health: "Much has been learned in recent years regarding the important effect of food on mental as well as

## Conference on nutrition in Ottawa marked by growing interest and importance attached to work

By AMY J. ROE

physical health and this has been put to good advantage in the successful prosecution of the war. Through the outstanding work done by nutritionists and home economists attached to the government and the armed forces and through the efforts of community nutrition workers, the nation as a whole has become aware as never before, of the importance of good eating habits. As we advance into the postwar period, we must not let this new found appreciation lag but turn it towards making Canada as strong a country in peace, as it has been in war.

"It has long been recognized that a depressed economic condition is one of the causes of malnutrition. The other cause is ignorance or indifference. With the passage of the Family Allowance Act last year an important step was taken towards stabilizing the national economy. At present and for some time Canada will face some food shortage but when Europe's food requirements are met there should be no possible excuse for all Canadians not having the right food. If they do not it will be due to ignorance alone. It is the job of all of us: health workers, teachers and nutritionists to make sure that ignorance cannot be used as an excuse for bad eating habits, which contribute to ill-health."

## Growth of School Lunches

SOME things begun in charity for the needy and underprivileged, prove to be of such lasting benefit that they are deemed desirable for the people as a whole. Such has been the case in providing nourishing school meals for children. The idea is not a new one, as many seem to think, as school feeding was carried on in Britain and on the European continent some 50 or 60 years ago, at first on a charitable basis. In a similar way it got its start in the United States. During the depression in America, added impetus was given to the program of school lunches, partly as a means of using surplus foods and partly as the nation's insurance that its children would not suffer unduly even though their parents had not the necessary means to provide foods for reasonable health and well-being.

Because families were disrupted during war years, with so many men away on military service and so many mothers engaged in industry or war work,

there was a further great development of school feeding. Teachers, in true patriotic spirit, undertook the supervision and often the planning of the meals. It was discovered that fully one-half of a child's nutritional needs could be provided with one well-planned meal at school and that there was reasonable hope that he was fairly certain to get the other half by the two meals provided each day for him at home. So, there was little need for worry about malnutrition among the children going to school. And strangely enough there were no protests from parents about the government taking over one of their prerogatives.

Now it can be said that school lunches have been raised to the status of a national health project. In 1943 the United States voted 50 million dollars for a school lunch program. This year 60 million dollars have been set aside for that purpose. In Britain six million pounds sterling have been allocated in the Educational budget for school lunches. It is estimated that 28 per cent of the school children are reached by the school lunch program in the Old Country.

The Nutrition Conference in Ottawa in June afforded a good cross-section picture of what is happening in Canada in respect to the development and promotion of school lunches. It varies from province to province. In general, provincial departments of health, education and agriculture, have combined to promote the idea. The Red Cross is co-operating, in some instances providing a worker to demonstrate how the plan may be set afoot, as the Red Cross charter permits it to deal with matters pertaining to health and welfare.

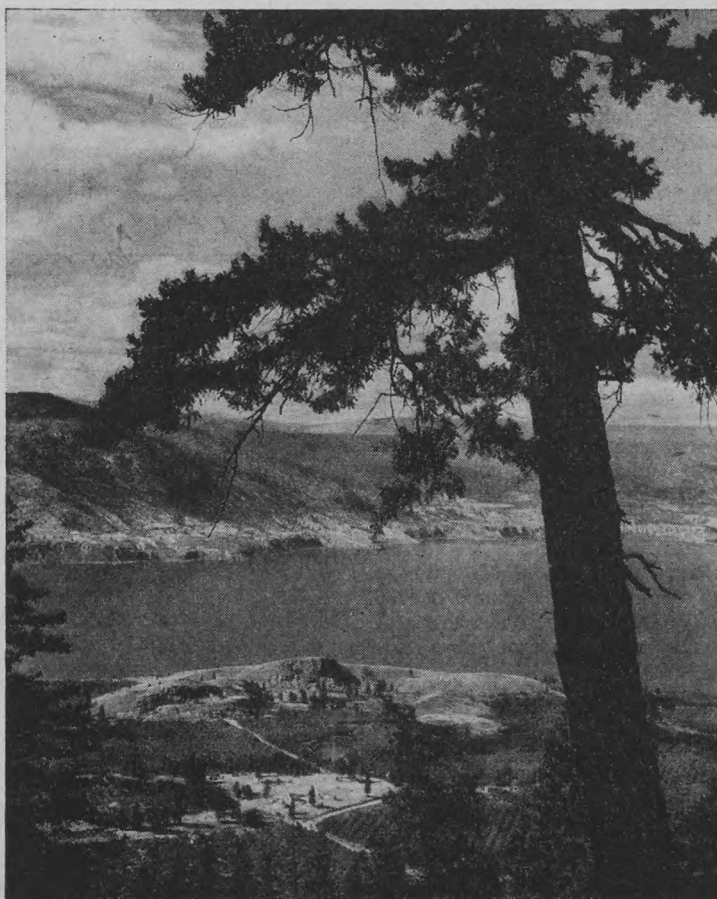
In Manitoba, with the Red Cross providing a worker and provincial departments endorsing and supporting the work, Mrs. Margaret Vann reported 200 visits have been paid to 100 schools and 81 meetings have been held regarding school lunches in the past 10 months. There are 41 schools reporting active lunch programs. Contacting only five per cent of the schools in a year would mean that it would take 20 years to cover the total number of schools in the province. Transportation of the worker has been the greatest difficulty. The Department of Education supplies up to \$25 for school lunch equipment, providing a school district provides an equal amount. To date effort has been confined to those areas where there is a public health nurse. It is now considered that the work would be better carried on if there were district workers, who keep in constant and close touch with the schools in their area.

In Saskatchewan a questionnaire survey, with a covering letter to the teacher, was sent out in 1943. This method, admitted to be weak, reported that less than 300 schools had any kind of school lunch program. It is hoped through means of posters, displays at fairs, essays and work with school children to arouse interest in the matter. Saskatchewan is to resume youth training work for girls.

Nova Scotia was the first province to adapt nutrition to its physical fitness program, definitely trying to think of the whole child, not just his diet. Two years ago the Junior Red Cross conducted a lunch survey among its 1,800 schools. Miss Archibald, provincial nutritionist, stressed the importance of children enjoying their school lunch and pointed out that it was the part of wisdom to know what the people of Nova Scotia are eating. Sometimes the Women's Institutes and at other times the Home and School Association give the needed backing. After the formation of school lunches it is most important to have an organization of citizens behind the project. This usually comes after a survey showing the need has been made. The committee helps to provide equipment and to bring about improvement in environment.

Miss Mary Baldwin, Nutritionist for British Columbia pointed out that Home Economics teachers now reach 50 per cent of the school children in the province. The problem is to get the number of trained people and space for equipment and classes. It is most important that there be adequate facilities for sanitation in washing dishes and hands in dealing with food at school. Teachers, in summer school session, get special training in the work.

If teachers are to take responsibility for school lunches, they must themselves receive training in nutrition at normal school. Some provinces are providing this. Nova Scotia has refresher courses for teachers already in the



Apple orchards in beautiful setting on the Okanagan near Penticton, B.C.

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# IN ENGLAND NOW

Friday, June 15, 1945. So much is happening. First in importance of course, our general election. Never has an election been so intensely important to all the electorate as this one, for the party that gets into power now will be responsible for all our foreign relations and for our postwar reconstruction. Upon the laws they make, we must build our new lives. For myself, I am a hundred per cent behind Mr. Churchill. No one, I feel, can possibly carry the authority of experience and the personality at the Peace Conference that he can; apart from the great ability and the intense driving power that he can wield for our reconstruction at home. Already one of the really Big Three men has been taken away from their meetings.

A great many service men and women are standing as candidates for all parties. This, I think, is a great augury of an energetic future House of Commons, for these men and women will be young and intensely alive to the needs and hopes of their fellow servicemen. They will know what these men long for most and where they need the most help for they will have experienced these same longings themselves. Parliament has decided that the existing law against candidates appearing on election platforms in uniform is to stand and so they will have to plead their case without that extra touch of glamor.

AFTER that in importance comes the beginning of demobilization. My husband, who is 40 and has been serving since September, 1939, is hoping to come out of the army about the middle of August and then we start our life together again after six years apart out of a married life of eleven years. We have already started our own private reconstruction plans by enquiring into the possibilities of growing tomatoes and early vegetables under glass. The war years have virtually put an end to his pre-war job and although under the government scheme every employer is bound to take back all the people they employed before the war, for a year, it seems rather pointless if there is nothing at the end of it. Also, like so many ex-service men he has a great longing to do something constructive, in the open air, like growing food for the world shortage. It almost seems as if this is the natural reaction to the destruction of war, it is such a widespread desire. As if this was humanity's way to right the destruction it has caused, just as the birth rate rises in war to right the loss of life. Anyway, world wide urge or not, we are deep in our little plans which, if they come to reality, will mean a new job and a new house. All intensely exciting. Every day we are learning more about greenhouses, earth, plants, and pests.

Very, very slowly life in England is beginning to right itself. Of course, with a war still raging in the Far East and so many of our men still out there, it cannot be complete but the everyday life is changing infinitesimally towards a peaceful way of living.

The blackout went first—without any great rejoicing or farewell, almost as if we were reluctant to part with an old but tiresome friend. Then the Civil Defense Services were stood down and the Red Cross and St. John's announced the astounding news that they had enough money to meet all their immense expenses until the end of the war and so no more need be collected. This means principally for us, the end of the Rural Penny a week fund. Now has come the joyous return of the basic petrol ration. Some unsatisfiable, miserable people have written to the papers complaining

## In many small ways life is slowly getting back to normal

BY

JOAN M. FAWCETT

that it is too small—we get enough for a hundred and fifty miles a month—but in reality it has made all the difference in the world to thousands upon thousands of people in these islands. Town's people can now get into the country, even if not far, at the weekend, and the older people, such as my in-laws, who have had to wait for a bus that was often packed to standing room only, then shopped carrying heavy baskets, and then found that the return bus was full and have had to carry everything the two miles home, can now set out unhurriedly in their little car, put their parcels in it, and drive home again. Besides going out to tea with friends, whom they have never been able to get at by bus at all. It gives you freedom, that is the great thing, for you can go where you like for your hundred and fifty miles. And it is exhilarating and sweet to taste that freedom again even in little drops.

Nearly all our European prisoners of war are home and so are many serving men and women from the Middle East. Every day you meet families who are united again after years and see faces whose memory had become dim. Yesterday, driving in our little town, I looked up hurriedly at the car passing me, and saw to my joy a beaming, healthy face that I knew had been in a prisoner of war camp since 1940. That sort of chance meeting makes your heart sing.

The villages are still celebrating victory. Here, we had a fancy dress dance the other night which everyone enjoyed. The prizewinners included a scarecrow, with face and hands covered with sack-

ing in the authentic style, a "Mr. Churchill" complete with cigar, a nineteenth century soldier in full dress with ginger moustache, and a cardinal. Buns and tea were provided by the goodwill of everyone for they had all subscribed something out of their rations. This is not easy, for our food and clothing situation has worsened with the coming of peace in Europe. Of course it is really because now all Europe has to be fed and clothed and because there is a world shortage as a result of the war, but it seems like a contradiction in terms at first glance. I don't think anyone is unduly worried by the added restrictions, after all we are used to it and we have learned from experience, that when it comes down to the actual fact of living we manage very well. But it just makes it that much more tricky to manage than it was, when you have one ounce of lard a week each instead of two, twenty points a month each instead of twenty-four, two ounces of bacon instead of four, and less soap. Also we have gone back to having two penny-worth of our one shilling and two-penny meat ration in corned beef. Sugar is short, I have read, but so far we have had no cuts, thank goodness, for this of all the rationing is the most difficult with children.

To balance these cuts—in your home anyway if not in your tummy—you can buy a lot more fish, now that our ships can go out to sea again, a bucket or a kettle when you want one, and very nice looking, cheap utility furniture if you are setting up house.

What we grumble about most is our proverbial weather. It is doubly annoying to have to wear your stockings, woollen cardigans and thick coats in June, when you know you will want every minute of wear out of them next winter, with no coupons to spare for new ones, and an added shortage of coal.

## Salad Garnishes

Ideas for adding eye-appeal to hot weather favorites

By JANE PERRY

SALAD garnishing is an art in itself. We have at our disposal an almost unlimited range of colors and shapes among the foods suitable for use. Then, too, with a little imagination, a sharp knife or a pastry tube we may quickly and simply add to the variety of the shapes.

Often the garnish is actually a main part of the salad. This is the case when we use a lettuce "cup" or when we combine brightly colored foods, such as grated carrot, in the salad. Then, if you are short of time for preparation, just a topping of salad dressing and a dash of paprika will suffice.

Lettuce and cabbage are the usual greens to use but there are several others which may easily be grown in your garden and the variety in greens will give added zip to coax jaded appetites.

Among these lesser used greens are endive, chervil, kale, spinach, Chinese cabbage, and asparagus. With these as with any green, the cook should choose the young, tender leaves for salads and reserve the more mature ones for cooking.

Chives and leeks are two more vegetables which we tend to overlook. They bring added interest to any salad in which they are used as a garnish and for flavoring. The Welsh people are very fond of leeks but we have not yet learned to appreciate their true worth.

Watercress, parsley and mint leaves add a bright green touch to a salad

add color and flavor to your salad. They may also be cut in a variety of fancy shapes, or sections may be scooped out to form small cups to hold salad dressing, chopped apples, cooked peas or anything you desire.

Cucumbers, with their bright green skins, lend themselves readily to decorative garnishing. They may be peeled or not, cut in length-wise or cross-wise slices with fluted edges or plain, in wedges or narrow strips, or sections may be scooped out to make small cups as for carrots and turnips.

We may achieve a variety of colorful effects with radishes. Their bright color and pure white centres make them the perfect subject for making flower shapes such as roses, tulips or "mums." Cross-wise slices producing white disks with red rims may be used in a great many combinations and arrangements. An idea is to slice the skins into flower petals (but do not sever them completely), remove the centre and add a carrot, turnip or cheese stamen to the flower. Use the centres in the salad for flavoring.

One of the most versatile salad foods is celery. Celery is suitable for use with vegetable salads, with fruit salads, or with meat or fish salads. Both the tender leaves and the stalks may be used in the salad or on it as a garnish. As a garnish the stalks may be cut in suitable lengths and used plain, or they may be made into celery curls by making several slits in the ends and chilling thoroughly under water, or stuffed with any cheese or cheese mixture.

When in season, fresh fruits are a colorful, appetizing and nutritious source of garnishes. Berries, especially strawberries, provide many possibilities for garnishing and may be used either whole or cut in sections.

Halved and seeded grapes make an attractive topping, and orange and grapefruit sections may be arranged in many colorful designs.

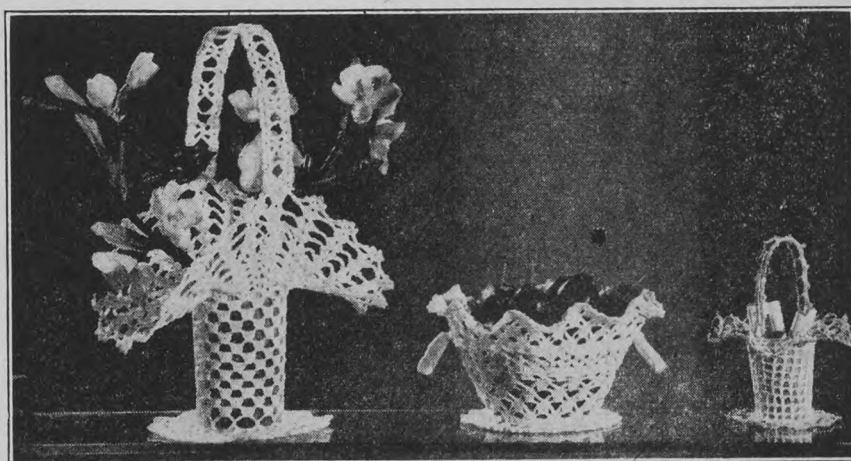
Another idea is to steam prunes until they are tender, remove the pits and stuff with cottage cheese. Top with a dash of paprika or a strip of pimento. This will give your salad a real novelty touch both for flavor and color.

Cream cheeses also are a versatile garnish. They may be creamed smooth with salad dressing and put through a pastry tube in many fancy designs. The more firm types may be cut into slices, strips or fancy shapes or grated cheese may be sprinkled on top. The cheese may be creamed smooth and

Turn to page 45

## Starched Crocheted Baskets

By ANNA DeBELLE



Pattern No. C-254.

Here's a new-old idea you will remember from 'way back and want for your own home. Starched crocheted baskets are fashionable again—and they're both useful and decorative. In the one pattern we have included directions for making a large flower basket; a bowl for small fruits or bon-bons and a smaller one for cigarettes. We even tell you how to starch the baskets when they're finished. Pattern is No. C-254, price 20 cents. Address orders to The Country Guide Needlework, Winnipeg, Man.



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## HERE'S HOW!

- Rationing assures everyone a fair share of scarce foods. Without rationing, farmers might get all the butter they need; they might not get sugar. City dwellers might get sugar but no butter.
- Rationing helps to keep prices steady.
- Rationing has assured farmers sufficient ammunition to protect their crops and livestock.
- Rationing makes it possible for farmers to get coupons to feed harvesters and other transient farm workers.



## The **FARMER** helps Rationing HERE'S HOW!

- By collecting and turning in the coupons acquired against the use and sale of butter and the sale of honey and rationed maple products.
- By writing to the Local Ration Boards for application form RB-77 as SOON as they know definitely that transient labour rations will be needed to feed extra help hired for periods of less than two weeks.

Rationing is not intended to add unnecessarily to the burden of Canadian farmers who, faced with shortages of labour, materials and machinery, have continued to respond to repeated calls for greater production.

It is a protection against waste . . . shortages . . . inflation.

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Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a *uterine sedative* because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.



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*Lydia E. Pinkham's* **VEGETABLE COMPOUND**



## Good bread!

**G**OOD bread is so delicious and healthy, it's worth while to check up (if you're not quite satisfied with results) on a number of essential points in bread baking. . . Is your recipe a proven one? are your materials good—the flour, the yeast and the other ingredients? is your stove efficient and can you get the proper temperature in the kitchen? . . . Whatever type of yeast you may use, you can rely on its purity, uniformity and strength when it's made by

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## Cheer Up For Good Looks!

There are fewer facial muscles used when we look pleasant than when we look disagreeable

By LORETTA MILLER



Clear eyes and smooth skin are stressed by Hillary Brooke, Paramount star who gives her eyes frequent baths.

**H**AVE you been working your "frown" muscles overtime? Or have you remembered to keep your facial expression serene? A happy expression goes a long way toward warding off the physical signs of age. So, if you want to help prevent lines, sagging jaws, puckered brow, and an older appearance, keep your disposition happy . . . and look pleasant.

It sounds easy and it really is easy. It's getting into the habit of looking pleasant and remembering to hold the head high and the corners of the mouth turned upward. It's as easy to develop good habits as bad ones and the habit of serenity is a good one. Having a cheerful reflection return your gaze in the mirror will do more than anything your beauty editor knows, to put a song in your heart.

The next time you are really angry, take time out to take a quick look into your mirror. Notice how the mouth is set into hard lines. Notice, too, the tight, drawn expression around your eyes. Then for a prettier picture, calm down. Notice how gentle and altogether lovely your expression is. How your lips turn upward in a happy, youthful expression. Which of these pictures pleases you most?

Frowning, anger, worry, anxiety, all but happy expressions, require the work of more muscles and makes them work overtime. Here's a routine any girl can follow, though the massage, described later, is specifically designed for the woman over thirty or thirty-five.

Of second importance in warding off lines, is the care of the skin. Keeping its surface soft will aid greatly in preventing the lines from getting a start. Even faint lines, providing they have not become permanently etched in the skin, can be overcome by proper care.

Creases caused by sleeping, and lines caused by frowning or facial grimaces, can be scrubbed away, providing it is done as soon as the lines are noticed. Use a soft bristled complexion brush, or a similar type, well lathered, and scrub in a rotary direction over and around the lines. This stirs up circulation, and one can almost see the lines fade away. All soap should be rinsed from the skin and an application of lubricating cream made.

If the skin is so sensitive that soap and water scrubbing cannot be used, cream should first be smoothed over the skin, then the brush used for scrubbing. It is not advisable to use a heavy brush-massage movement around the

eyes. Nevertheless, scrubbing the underchin, jaw, and forehead either with soap and water or cream, can and should be a part of every woman's beauty routine after she is thirty-five. It will do so much to ward off, and in some cases fade out, wrinkled underchin, flabbiness and drooping along the jaws and an old-looking facial contour.

A generous application of a super lubricating cream should be left on as long as possible after each scrubbing. Whether soap and water or cream has been used, the extra application of the lubricant should be made. The surface of every type of skin, of women of all ages, is all the better for complete lubrication. Pure toilet lanoline is one of the finest lubricants known and may be used plain if the odor is not too objectionable. However, since most of the better lubricating creams have a base of lanoline, you might prefer your lubricant more delicately scented. If the brush-massage has been used at night, a coating of the skin-softening agent should remain on until morning.

Facial massage has a very definite place in every beauty curriculum. Correct massage aids in smoothing the skin. First, with your skin well covered with the lubricant, pat and rub in an upward and outward direction over face and throat. Then get down to specific movements:

Beginning low on the chest, and using the cushions of the fingers of both hands, massage with sweeping strokes in an upward and outward direction to your jaws. Go over the chest and underchin for one half minute, or, about twenty-five strokes. Then use the backs of your fingers in a sweeping motion over the underchin, this way: sweep your right hand from left to right and your left hand from right to left. Repeat ten times with each hand. Then tap and pat over this region in order to stir up circulation.

Now, beginning at the very point of the chin, massage upward along the jaw line to the lower tips of the ears. Repeat this upward movement twenty times. Next, using the cushions of the fingers, pat with both hands alternately over your forehead. . . striking between the brows and smoothing the fingers out to the temples. Use a light touch and repeat twenty times.

The eye-area massage is next. This is perhaps the most misused of all massage movements. In an effort to rub out under-eye lines, too many women make the mistake of massaging outward under the eyes. Here is the correct movement: Place the cushions of the middle fingers of each hand at the temples. Then draw the fingers inward under the eyes toward the nose. Move the fingers up to just below the brow and massage outward to the temples. This describes a complete circle, with a slight pressure at the beginning (over the temples) and the finishing (the sides of the nose near the eyes) of each massage movement. Repeat until each eye has been circled twenty-five times.

The usual laughing lines, extending from nose to mouth may be becoming, if they honestly came from laughing. All too often, however, these lines denote a sour disposition and come from letting the corners of the mouth droop. If these lines need a bit of softening, then by all means include a thorough brush massage over them. And also include a special massage movement with your fingers.

First, see that the skin is well lubricated before beginning any massage. This is vitally necessary so that the fingers will slide smoothly over the



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Jars 10¢, 15¢, 25¢—Tubes 20¢, 25¢

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skin without stretching and pulling it. Then, starting on the upper lip, under the nose, massage outward and slightly upward. Gradually raise the starting point until the movement begins just inside of the laughing lines, close to the nose, and finishes at the hairline. Use a light patting as you touch your fingers to your skin.

Finish the facial massage by pressing your fingers firmly against the temples, and rotating them in small circles.

Finally remove every trace of cream. When your skin is absolutely clean, wrap a piece of ice in a double layer of gauze and rub it lightly upward and outward over your face. Touch the ice lightly to closed eyelids, but be liberal with this chilling application over jaw, underchin, forehead, and along laughing lines.

Stimulated circulation is the basis of almost every effective beauty routine. Whether applied to scalp, face or body, it is the stepped-up circulation that makes for effectiveness . . . stimulated circulation is the cause of the effect.

For an all-round beauty routine that does wonders, repeat the scrubbing facial every day.

## SALAD GARNISHES

Continued from page 42

made up into cheese-balls and combined with chopped nuts.

Finally we will mention the ever-popular egg. When hard-cooked, eggs may be sliced, quartered, chopped or devilled. Or the whites may be cut in rings and the salad topped off with the yolks which have been rubbed through a sieve.

Some other suggested garnishes are: Green pepper or pimento cut in strips or chopped fine.

Pickles, such as sweet-mixed pickles or dill pickles, cut in strips or slices.

Stuffed olives, whole or sliced.

Ripe olives, whole or chopped.

Capers.

Jelly cubes. Use sweet jelly for dessert or fruit salads and aspic jelly for meat, fish or vegetable salads. The jelly may be tinted with vegetable coloring.

Red or green cherries, whole or cut in petal-shaped pieces.

Candied orange peel or any other candied peel, cut in strips or chopped fine.

Candied fruits of various colors, chopped or cut into fancy shapes.

Whipped cream piled in peaks or put on with a pastry tube.

## COUNTRYWOMAN

Continued from page 41

service in addition to instruction during normal training. Toronto has four open-air schools operating from May to October. Children are placed in those schools on the recommendation of a doctor or public health nurse. Lunches provided in those schools account for one-half of the nutrition requirements of a child, through very simple meals. In addition there are definite rest periods each day which enable a delicate child to carry on with a year's program of school work without undue strain.

Dr. L. B. Pett, Director of Nutrition Services, Department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa, stressed the importance of serving a nutritious school meal rather than to be concerned whether the meal was hot or cold. He said: "The majority of people in Canada do not feel that the school lunch is a necessity. Until we have a change in that attitude we are not going to make much progress with a school lunch program."

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Just shake in half a tin of fast-acting Gillett's Lye once a week and presto! Both contents and odor disappear. When guests arrive you can be proud!

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## HEAR YOUR FAMILY CHEER!



### MAGIC'S LUSCIOUS PRUNE BISCUITS

1 cup sifted flour  
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder  
1/2 tspn. salt  
1 cup whole wheat flour  
1/4 cup brown sugar  
grated rind 1 lemon  
4 tspns. shortening  
2/3 cup milk  
6 to 12 chopped, stewed prunes, as desired

Sift together first three ingredients. Add whole wheat flour, lemon rind. Cut in shortening until mixed. Add milk to make soft dough. Roll out 1/8-inch thick, spread with well-drained chopped prunes; sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch pieces; stand on end in well-greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Makes 15.



You'll win top family honors with Magic's Prune Biscuits—so melty-rich, so *deliciously different* the folks will vote them "Best we ever ate!"

But don't take chances with ordinary baking powders. Always use Magic and *make sure* of finest results in all baked dishes. 3 generations of Canadian homemakers have depended on Magic's wholesome purity to guarantee finer, lighter texture, more delicious flavor.

Magic is economical, too—costs only 1¢ per average baking. So treat your family to Magic's Prune Biscuits tonight!

**YOU'LL CHEER DEPENDABLE MAGIC**

## Canning Points

### Reminders on important points

**I**n all canning there are general rules to be followed if the canning is to be successful. First select enough clean, tested containers to fit at one time in the processing bath and heat the jars in a bath of hot water. Prepare the processing equipment and have enough boiling water on hand so that there are no delays once the food is ready for processing.

For fruit prepare the syrup ahead of time and be sure to have enough prepared. It is better to have a little left over than to run out.

Sugar syrups for fruit:

Thin syrup.....1 c. sugar to 2 c. water  
Medium syrup.....1 c. sugar to 1 c. water  
Heavy syrup.....2 c. sugar to 1 c. water

Select only as much food as can be handled quickly at one time and sort it for uniformity of ripeness and size. Wash fruits and vegetables a few at a time and lift from the wash water rather than pour the water off. A colander or a wire basket saves time.

Prepare the food as directed in your canning time-table and pack into the jars. All non-acid vegetables, meats and fish should be packed hot. Fill the jars with syrup or boiling water as the case may be.

If the jars have no sealing composition, place on each, or on the lid a good, wet rubber ring. Carefully work out the air bubbles with a silver knife or a spatula and fit the lids into place. Be sure that there are no seeds or food particles on the edge of the jar or the rubber ring as this may cause an incomplete seal and result in spoilage. Seal jars completely or partially as desired. Less liquid will be lost if the jars are completely sealed and it is quite safe to do so.

Carefully lower the filled hot jars into the processing equipment, being sure that the jars are not touching each other. If a water-bath is used the boiling water must be at least two inches above the tops of the jars.

Bring to a rapid boil as soon as possible and start timing the processing after the water has started to boil. Time according to canning time-table.

At the end of the processing period remove the jars and complete the seal if up to the present they have been only partially sealed. Cool to room temperature promptly, avoiding draughts, and keep them at room temperature for a week. Do not invert the jars when they are hot but wait until they are at room temperature. Re-do any jars that show signs of leakage and at the end of a week discard any that show signs of spoilage.

Store in a clean, dark, cool, well-ventilated place.

Because of the danger of botulinus infection in canned non-acid vegetables, meat and fish which have not been processed at high temperature, the only method which can be recommended for canning these particular foods is by means of the pressure cooker. This method, when properly carried out, can be depended on to destroy the dangerous micro-organisms. If a pressure cooker cannot be obtained, and a boiling-water-bath is used, certain precautions must be carefully observed. All meat, fish and non-acid vegetables canned by the boiling-water-bath method, even though it may appear quite wholesome, should be boiled actively for 10 minutes before it is tasted. Canned food which has an abnormal odor or appearance no matter how slight, should be discarded without running the risk of tasting even the smallest amount. Spoiled food may cause illness or death. Absolute cleanliness of the worker, work-table and utensils during canning operations is essential.—D.J.M.

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## Vegetable Cookery



Flavor and color are better when vegetables are cooked quickly.

Save food values by quick cooking and a small quantity of water

By  
DORIS J. McFADDEN

be cooked in so short a time in boiling water that they would be much over-cooked in the time required to heat a pressure cooker. The very high temperature within the pressure cooker is more destructive to vitamins than is boiling temperature. Greens may be cooked satisfactorily in an ordinary steamer as well as by boiling.

The chief loss during baking is that of water. If too high a temperature is used the cortex (that is the layer next to the skin) may cling so tightly to the skin that it is not eaten

unless the skin is also eaten. Also, the high temperatures usually used in baking result in greater vitamin destruction. Unless a vegetable has a fairly high water content it is not suitable for baking. When vegetables are pared, sliced or diced and baked in a covered casserole, the casserole serves much the same purpose that the skin of a vegetable serves in holding in the steam which cooks the vegetable.

Those vegetables often described as strong-flavored but more accurately designated as sulphur-containing vegetables, tend to develop a strong flavor and odor when cooked, especially if overcooked or improperly cooked. This group includes vegetables of the cabbage family (cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, brussels sprouts, kohlrabi, white and yellow turnip) and vegetables of the onion family (onions, leeks, garlic and chives). These vegetables should be cooked in an open kettle for the shortest possible time to give tenderness. Cooking should be started in boiling water. Most cabbage can be cooked thoroughly tender in 7 to 15 minutes. If removed from the fire when tender, the vegetable will have a good color, mild odor, and a pleasing flavor. The majority of people can eat it without discomfort.

There are also volatile losses which occur in cooking. The chief volatile loss is that of water, although some other substances are also affected. Nutritive value is not much affected by volatile losses but palatability may be affected by too much loss of flavor substances. In the case of the sulphur-containing vegetables, this volatile loss of flavor substances is desirable, but not in the case of other vegetables.

Besides these losses there are mechanical losses which are the result of paring, rapid boiling (agitation), and overcooking. If the parings are thick there is a definite loss of all nutriment. Overcooking may result in marked deterioration which in turn results in appreciable loss of food value.

The main points, then, to remember in cooking vegetables are:

Cook with the skins on when possible, or remove only very thin parings.

Avoid high temperatures. Cook for as short a time as possible.

Have water boiling before adding vegetables when they are to be cooked by boiling.

Avoid throwing away valuable nutrients in the cooking water. Save it for sauces and gravy.

If you look through your cook books and magazines you can find hundreds of recipes for fancy vegetable dishes but they do not provide suitable every-day methods. You may wonder why we cook vegetables at all when most of them may be enjoyed raw with all their values intact. The chief reasons for cooking is to increase and vary the flavors and to make them more tender. In fact some vegetables are quite unpalatable raw. Cooking also increases the digestibility and color of some vegetables.

The main argument against cooking is the loss in food values, and, from the housewife's point of view the time spent in preparation. The problem then is to find methods which are suitable for use in the home and do not waste precious nutriment.

Food losses occur in several different ways. Water soluble constituents such as vitamins B, C, and G, vegetable albumin, mineral salts and sugars are lost in cooking and cleaning waters. The amount of water, the length of time spent in the water, and the amount of surface exposed to the water, affect the degree of loss. That is the reason why it is unwise to leave vegetables soaking in water for a long period before cooking. Do not leave them standing in water for more than 15 or 20 minutes.

Length of cooking time is the most important point. To avoid these losses, cook the vegetables as quickly as possible in little or no water, or, if the cooking water can be evaporated at the last, little or not loss of soluble material may occur. Also, only slight loss of soluble material occurs if vegetables are cooked in their skins, and, if the cooking waters are used in soups and gravies, valuable nutrients are utilized which would otherwise be thrown away.

Steaming, like baking, requires a longer time than boiling and is not usable for all vegetables. Most green vegetables are more satisfactorily cooked by boiling in a small amount of water. For those vegetables for which steaming is suitable, the loss of soluble nutriment is much less when they are steamed than when they are boiled.

Other than for such vegetables as dried legumes or mature beets which require a rather longer cooking time, the steam pressure cooker is not of great use in vegetable cookery in the home. The small amount of water used and the short cooking time are desirable factors, but most green vegetables can

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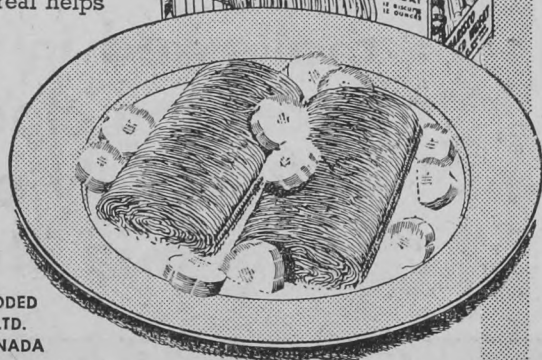
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2864  
SIZES  
10-40

2814  
SIZES 2-8

2913  
6 MOS  
1, 2, 3  
YRS



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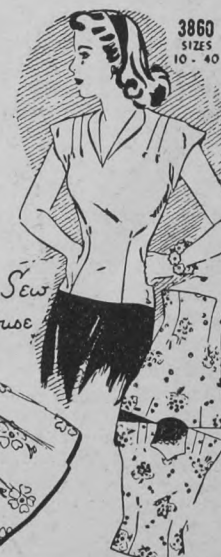
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# THE COUNTRY BOY AND GIRL

## Spotty

By MARY E. GRANNAN

SPOTTY was back at Willowkissed Pond, after a not too happy adventure. It had all started with Lady Fatso Frog's visit to Spotty's great great grandmother, Lydia Frog. Lydia had once worked for Lady Fatso up in the castle fountain, and every once in a while the great lady did Lydia the honor of a visit. Spotty was paying her the same honor the same day. And Lady Fatso saw Spotty. Spotty was his very hoppiest that day. He was out hopping any frog that ever hopped. Lady Fatso puffing on old Lydia's front porch said, "My! my! my! Lydia your great great grandson Spotty is wonderful! I have never seen such hopping. He should do something about it."

Lydia shook her wise old head. "Let him be, Lady Fatso. Let him be! He's a happy little frog here at Willowkissed Pond. He can hop to his heart's content without anyone worrying him or hurting him. Don't put notions into his head."

But the notions had already gotten into Spotty's head. He went over to Lady Fatso and said, "What do you mean Lady Fatso that I should do something about my hopping?"

"My dear child," said the grand lady, "with such hopping ability, you should go far in the circus. I'm sure if you got a skipping rope and combined skipping with your hopping you'd be one of the marvels of the world."

"Nonsense," said the great great grandmother, "marvel of the world indeed! He'd likely be a dead frog."

"My! My! My!" said Lady Fatso. "You do take a gloomy look at things Lydia. What makes you say such a thing?"

"Spotty can't handle a rope, Lady Fatso. He'd just get all tangled up and while he'd be tangled something would likely come along and catch him," said great great grandmother.

Lady Fatso laughed at the idea. So did Spotty, and when Lady Fatso was going back to the castle fountain that night Spotty was waiting at the west brook for her. "Where could I get a rope for my skipping, Lady Fatso?" he asked.

"Come with me my dear. I'll ask the field mouse to get one from the castle cellar for you."

The field mouse like great great grandmother Lydia said the whole thing was a mistake. But Lady Fatso and Spotty insisted and the field mouse got the rope.

Spotty felt very important as he started to hop along dragging it behind him. "My! My! My!" called Lady Fatso. "That's not the way to use a skipping rope. You must jump over it and under it and twist it and turn it."

Spotty tried it and it took him less than no time at all to be completely tangled in the skipping rope. At the very moment when he could move neither hands or feet he heard the castle dog barking and coming toward him. "Help, help," he called, "Lady Fatso help me."

"My! My! My!" said Lady Fatso, "I'm afraid I can't. Dogs make me so nervous," and she dove into the castle pond. The mouse, who was also afraid of dogs came to Spotty, and gnawed the rope free as quickly as his little teeth could gnaw. Then he dashed under a rosebush to wait until the dog went by.

"Thank you, Field Mouse," said Spotty. My grandmother was right."

The field mouse nodded a wise little head, and told Spotty to forget skipping in the circus and go home. Spotty did. He's still the hoppiest frog in the world, but now he's just hopping for fun. And he likes it.

## Are You Socially Correct?

THE nice thing to do, is the right thing to do. You may do the wrong thing because you don't know what is right, or simply because you are too careless to think.

Check the following list of your social responsibilities. Put a single X after a statement if you already know this to be one of your social duties. Put a double X if you are sure you always carry it out. This way, you will discover how closely you are living up to what you know you should do.

1. Out walking with a friend, you

**H**ARVEST time! "Roll out" comes extra early, then you are on the go all day long.

You run errands between home and field or go to town for repairs. Perhaps you take a turn on the tractor or drive the truck. It's hard work but you enjoy the excitement of the harvest and are glad you have a part in it.

After a hot strenuous day how you enjoy the cool of a summer's evening before you "turn in." From the ponds and sloughs comes the "jug-o'-rum jug-o'-rum" of the bullfrog. His cousin, the toad, makes a fine pet. Keep him in a hole about two feet deep with a few stones in it. A toad is very comical to watch when you offer him a meat scrap. Just wave a long slender stick in front of him with the meat on one end. Because his tongue is fastened at the front, he must open wide his mouth to flip out his tongue. When he gets the meat scrap on his long sticky tongue he closes his eyes to help him swallow this dainty.

touch your hat (boy) or nod (girl) to any person who speaks to your companion whether you know the person or not.

2. You do not correct slight inaccuracies or grammatical errors in your friends' statements in the presence of others.

3. When passing in front of older people visiting your home you say, "I beg your pardon."

4. You never endeavor to read another person's letters or postcard without special permission.

5. You return borrowed articles promptly and in good condition.

6. You do not lend a borrowed article to a third person without the knowledge and consent of the owner.

7. After being invited out, you do not leave the house without bidding your friend and her mother "good-night" and expressing your thanks for the good time.

8. Pet nicknames of members of the family are not used in the presence of others without special permission.

9. When using the telephone to speak to a friend you first announce who is calling; you do not wait for the person at the other end of the line to say, "Who's speaking?"

10. At the table, watermelon is eaten with a fork (safer).

11. Crackers are eaten from the hand, and not broken up and dropped into the soup.

12. You do not leave the table without asking to be excused.

13. You cover your mouth with your hand when yawning.

14. After visiting in another town, you write back within a few days thanking your friends or relatives for their hospitality.

15. If visitors arrive while your parents are out you invite them to stay if they prefer, make every effort to entertain them agreeably until your parents return, and then retire from the room.

16. Letters sent to be delivered personally by a friend are not sealed up.

17. When a late visitor arrives, if the topic of conversation is to be continued, the import of the talk is first explained to the newcomer.

18. Quiet colors are worn at church or Sunday school. (Boys avoid bright-colored ties; girls avoid loud dresses.)

19. When addressing a man or woman whose name you do not know you say "Sir" or "Madam."

20. You never show off by correcting a breach of etiquette on the part of your friends. Your pal will eventually correct his error by constant companionship with you.

Now check your X's and double X's. Multiply each by 5. What percentage did you get for general information? What score for daily application of your knowledge? Are you satisfied with the manner in which you are discharging your social obligations?—W.K.

## Feathered Flyers

**G**LIDER fun is always fascinating. You can spend many a happy hour making and flying feathered robots.

The cork glider can be made in a jiffy with a large cork, a nail, and four feathers. First, round off one end of the cork with a sharp knife. Then insert two large feathers for wings near the back edge of the cork. Make sure the wing tips are level and that they have a fair upwards tilt. The two tail feathers should be smaller than the wing vanes and are inserted at the back of the cork, near the centre, and tilted slightly up-

*Ann Sankey*

wards. If your glider does not sail smoothly you can adjust it either by improving the tilt of the feathers or by driving a nail in the nose of the cork to give it more weight and balance. Leave the head of the nail protruding like a propeller. If your glider rolls over in flight it means that one of your wing feathers is larger than the other. You can very easily correct this roll by push-



ing the large feather farther into the cork or by trimming the two wings with scissors until they are of equal size.

As soon as your glider performs to your satisfaction, apply a little glue where the feathers enter the cork and you will not have to make any subsequent readjustments.

The feather and nail glider is even more graceful than the cork glider although it will not "power drive" so well.

For this the only stock-in-trade you need is a nail, four feathers and a bit of thread. The feathers are cut and fitted together as shown in the drawing, the nail being placed horizontally in front of the wings to give the glider the necessary balance. Both wing and tail feathers are tied securely to the nail with strong thread about one inch behind the end of the shaft.

To launch these feathered robots, hold them on an even keel by the tail, tilt the nose upwards, give a gentle shove, and, swish, they're away!

On a breezy day you'll be surprised to see how far your gliders will really glide.—Walter King.

## Indoor Fun With Numbers

And here's a puzzle. John sold 60 apples at the rate of 5 for 2 cents and received 24 cents. Did you check that? Harvey also sold 60 apples, getting Harry to sell half of them for him. Harvey sold his 30 at the rate of 3 for 1 cent because Harry was selling his 30 apples at the rate of 2 for 1 cent and therefore the 60 apples would sell at 5 for 2 cents. This equalled John's price. But Harvey

got 10 cents from his sales and Harry received 15 cents from his, a total of 25 cents for their 60 apples. How did they make a cent more than John?

Now let us turn to secret code writing. Numbers often form the basis of it, too. Take the message: I regret very much that you intend to leave town, 5217-22 (11)42-7. The words are very deceiving. The figures, of course, provide the key. Can you solve it without reading the solution? No? Well, you would be altogether too clever if you could. The figures tell you which letters of the sentence to count, starting from the beginning and counting a space as a letter. Thus figure 5 means read the fifth letter or space from the beginning, which brings you to G. Now the code tells you to advance two more and you reach E. A minus sign before a figure means go back that many spaces. When the move either back or ahead is over 9 the figures are written in brackets. Thus 11 means one forward and read, and then another one forward and read again; (11) means move eleven spaces forward before reading; but -(11) means go back 11. The person to whom you send the message must, of course, know the code. But you must be eager to finish reading the above cryptogram so we will stop and let number magic hold full sway.

## How Many?

In the Jones family, each son has the same number of sisters as he has brothers, and each daughter has twice as many brothers as she has sisters.

How many sons and daughters are there in the Jones family?

**Answer**

Three daughters and four sons.

## Indian Picture Writing

**H**AVE you ever tried writing a letter Indian style? Early American Indians used picture signs in their communications. These messages were drawn on birch bark or animal hides. No written words were used until later when James Evans, a missionary, worked out a system of writing the Cree language.

Here are some examples of how pictures can be used for words. You could work out other ideas for yourself.

THIS SIGN (ONE SUN) = ONE DAY  
THIS SIGN (SMALL POX IN TRIBE) = HORSE HAS BEEN STOLEN

There is a chance for fun and originality. Try your hand at composing a letter to a friend. The friend will have fun in trying to solve your message and perhaps may send one like it back to you. A novel form of invitation to a hiking party would be a letter as follows:

Dear Jean,  
Mary + I are going on a picnic on APRIL 20. We shall all go at my home at 4 o'clock. Then we shall have 4 Mary's home. We will play 2 games + then have a picnic. Wear warm clothes. We shall be home at 5 o'clock.  
Shirley

## A Birch Path

**I**F you are camping in the bush a birch path is a splendid idea. Ordinarily it is hard to find your way through the trees at night. Lay pieces of fallen birch at the side of a cleared path and the gleaming white bark will make a good guide. It shows up well even on a dark night. Bits of phosphorescent wood placed at intervals along the path would make it more effective though the birch alone is sufficient. Be sure to use fallen birch—it is against the law to fell or peel live birch.—Dorothy Morrison.



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Winnipeg, Man.  
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Please print plainly.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE GRASS ROOTS



WE got a letter the other day that contained a rather nice image. This is it. "A farm is somewhat like a musical instrument. It depends on who is performing on it." Pretty good, isn't it? A poor performer can't get good music out of the finest kind of an instrument. We imagine we could do about as well on a \$10 fiddle as we could on a Stradivarius. But a good musician can't do himself justice on a poor instrument. It is so with a farm. A young man who feels that he has the makings of a successful farmer in him shouldn't handicap himself with a piece of geography which hasn't at least the makings of a good farm in it.

SEEING that even on the prairies some funny things happen I would like to tell you an incident that is true. It happened right on our own farm. We have only one turkey hen. She laid 18 eggs and then wanted to hatch. We set her on those 18 eggs and she hatched 20 poults. They are all doing fine so she has done her part to provide nice Christmas dinners. . . . She had laid another two eggs after she started setting.—Geo. Penner, Herbert, Sask.

WE hold in our hand a small piece of paper. It is tough and thick and white. And it has had quite a trip, that bit of paper, for it traveled by air from Japan to Saskatchewan. We don't know how high it traveled or in what part of Saskatchewan it came to earth for it is a bit of one of those balloons which the Japanese have been sending over to us, the longest ranged missile ever devised. It is also aimed at the largest target ever used—the whole North American continent. We shall keep that little bit of paper as a souvenir of the most futile means of aggression invented during the course of World War II.

IN the old days some of the settlers were deprived of many of the ordinary conveniences. The story is told of one old couple who hadn't had a mirror about the place. One day a family in a wagon was passing and they lost a mirror. Paw found it. "Well, I swan," he exclaimed, "if there isn't a picture of my old dad." He took it home and hid it in the attic. But maw got suspicious of his actions and that night, while he slept, she slipped up into the attic and found the mirror. "Uh-huh," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been a-chasin' after."

MRS. M. B. DOUGLAS writes this lively description of a thrilling event which interrupted proceedings at the Humboldt Fair:

"While the grandstand was filled to



capacity and everyone was in a state of excitement over the horse races which were taking place at the time, a flock of large white birds, numbering thirty or forty, with very distinctive black tips on their wings, heads thrust forward, and legs carried out straight behind, hovered in the air over the crowd of people for some considerable time. They formed into a V shape, into a perfect circle, separated, formed again into various shapes, circling the whole fair ground as if trying to fathom what was happening in the town of Humboldt. In fact they actually stole the show for some minutes."

Mrs. Douglas says that many people who saw the birds thought they might be whooping cranes. We took this matter up with B. W. Cartwright, of Ducks Unlimited but he pronounced them to be pelicans. Their antics in the air he said, were very characteristic of the bird of which it was written, "a wonderful bird is the pelican, his bill can hold more than his belly can."

### SASKATCHEW

SWAN is a hard word to find another word to rhyme with. But then there was always something distinctive about Saskatchewan. Mrs. A. Smith of Corning, in that province, has the honors for this month in putting a a crutch under the limping limerick:

A sturdy young lad  
in Saskatchewan,  
Remarked to a  
cockney or  
such a one,  
I've frozen my nose,  
My fingers and toes  
While hunting, and now I won't touch  
a gun.

Incidentally Jimmy Simpkin's study shows a studious person who failed dismally to locate the fugitive rhyme.

AT last its here. Not by the barrelful but at least enough to see if it lives up to advance notices. We refer to DDT, commonly called dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane for short. There's a full page ad. about it in this issue somewhere. And about that ad. Even an ad. about DDT is a fast worker. We didn't expect the plate to arrive until Friday at the earliest and were earnestly hoping that it would be no later than Saturday. But it arrived the previous Monday. After that we wouldn't be surprised if the flies and mosquitoes start dying off by the time the freight train pulls into the station with the first consignment of DDT on board.

MRS. Albert Wood of Ituna, Sask., wrote us on July 2 as follows: We have two turkey hens and up to date they have laid 130 eggs. The gobbler decided that was too many eggs for two hens to cover so he made a nest for himself beside the hens' and stayed on it. We gave him six eggs and he has set for two weeks. Will he keep it up for two more?

We put the question to a recognized turkey authority and his reply was: I wouldn't know. So we wrote Mrs. Hood asking her to let us know if the gobbler stuck to his job. Which she did on July 24, as follows: We had a hail storm and the young turkeys crowded under him and broke the eggs. He gave up after setting three weeks. But he covers as many little turkeys as he can at night so he is still doing his bit.

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